

DUAL-CAREER-COUPLES' TRAP: CONFLICT OF INTEREST

FEBRUARY 1978

PRICE \$1.50

Esquire

CALIFORNIA VS. THE U.S.A.

THE COMING BATTLE OF JERRY BROWN'S
CELESTIAL RHYTHMS VS. JIMMY CARTER'S PURITAN ETHIC

"...of the
United States. So help you God?"

"I, Jerry Brown, am in harmony
(buzz word) with that..."



The right way to design a family car is to begin with the family.

Oldsmobile Delta 88. The car that puts first things first.

The 88 trunk is designed to pack in what your family can pack in.



Generous headroom and legroom in back mean a comfortable, enjoyable ride. For everyone.

The 88 makes economical use of mechanical space with excellent mileage for a family-size car.



It goes without saying that cars are built for people. But Oldsmobile decided you get a much happier set of results when, instead of building for people, you build around them.

That's the idea of the Oldsmobile Delta 88—your family first.

Your family prefers sitting stretched out to sitting crunched up. So try our head and legroom up front and in back. Olds 88 has always meant "roomy car"; and our 88s for '78 keep the faith.

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And you don't want our car

Oldsmobile
Delta 88
Can we build one for you?

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Oldsmobile Delta 88. The family car we build by beginning with the family.



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Turn on this new Delco-GM stereo, and we've got you surrounded, good buddy.

Surrounded by the full, clear sound of music from the AM/FM stereo—or your favorite 8-Track tape. Or with a message from the 40-channel Citizens Band radio.

It's our brand-new Delco AM/FM Stereo and CB with 8-Track, and it's available on many of this year's GM cars and trucks.

You'll enjoy its special features. Like a mode selector that lets you listen to music and monitor CB at the same time. When a message arrives, it's heard over the same quality speakers,

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And, as with any Delco-GM stereo you order for your new GM car or truck, you know you're getting General Motors quality.

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Just tell your dealer "Delco."

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Division of General Motors
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Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Lights, Marlboro 100's and famous Marlboro Red—
you get a lot in life.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Kings & 10's: 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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1978 Regal. Outwardly, the shape is clean. Undisturbed. Inside it's pure magic. In the way it looks. The way it feels. All in all, a dream car. Yet in the interest of functionality, the new Regal is much trimmer than last year's model. To make it more maneuverable in city traffic. Easier to park.

Why people love going places in a Buick.



Want more evidence of Regal's down-to-earth qualities? All right. How about the fact that it gives you more trunk room, more head room and more leg room than last year's coupe? How about the new 3.2 liter

[3.9-cu in.] seven-bring V-6 that comes as standard equipment? And get according to the EPA, an estimated 33 mpg in the highway test. 19 in the city and 23 mpg combined when equipped with a manual transmission (powertrain not available in California). Or an available 231-cu in. (3.8 liter) V-6 with automatic transmission that got an estimated 27 mpg in the highway test. 19 in the city and 22 combined. [The V-6 powertrain is rumored in California and EPA estimates are lower there.] Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, the car's condition and how it's equipped.

Regal Coupe and Limited models are equipped with GM built engines supported by various divisions. See your Buick dealer for details.

Anyway, you get the point. Regal is a pretty amazing combination of the things you want and the things you need in a car. And we suppose we could stop here. But there's one more little bit



It tells you everything.

of Buick science and magic that really makes our case. It's the Regal Sport Coupe. And it's covered by a 3.8 liter (231 cu in.) turbocharged V-6 engine. Turbocharged by exhaust gases it offers the driving power you want from the six cylinders you need. Incredible.

This new Regal. What it is, is a little science. And a little magic. At your Buick dealer.



BUICK
A little science.
A little magic.

Esquire

FEBRUARY, 1978

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Call collect 1-714-354-1371

There are 108 ways the English keep dry with Gordon's.

EVERY DRINK ON THIS PAGE
CAME OUT OF A BOTTLE OF GORDON'S GIN.

Gordon's Gin not only makes a better martini (most popular mix this side of the pond), it makes it better everything. Here are 108 ways to mix it up. 108 different ways to drink you can't mix it.

Gin & Tonic 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Tonic water. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Campari 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Campari. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Benedictine 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Benedictine. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Dubonnet 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Dubonnet. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Fernet 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Fernet. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & St. Germain 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. St. Germain. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Vodka 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Vodka. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & White Rum 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. White Rum. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Black Rum 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Black Rum. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Brandy 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Brandy. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Cognac 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Cognac. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Whisky 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Whisky. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Tequila 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Tequila. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Rum 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Rum. Add sugar. Add lemon.

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Gin & Tonic 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Tonic water. Add sugar. Add lemon.

Gin & Campari 1 to 2 oz. Gordon's Gin into iced glass with one oz. Campari. Add sugar. Add lemon.

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Esquire

April 1984, 108 1984

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YOU CAN'T DO EVERYTHING YOUR BARBER DOES. BUT YOU CAN USE HIS SHAMPOO.



If you go to a barber stylist that uses RK products, he'll be happy to share his trade secrets with you. After all, he wants you to keep up the good work at home. And that starts with the shampoo you use.

All RK shampoos are acid-balanced and protein-conditioning shampoos. And there's one exactly right for your hair.

If you have normal, fine or limp hair, your barber will recommend RK Protein Concentrate Shampoo. This concentrate contains a unique protein ingredient, CPP. Cataprep™. It's unique because it has a greater capacity to bond with hair fibers than ordinary proteins. In fact, up to 20 times more CPP Cataprep can be absorbed by the hair. And that protein

is just what fine, damaged or chemically treated hair needs.

If you have dull, dry hair, your barber will recommend RK Moisturizing Shampoo. It's real help for hair that's subjected to constant blow-drying. Formulated with humectants and emollients, this shampoo helps restore and maintain the hair's essential moisture balance. So hair is easy to manage and as shiny as it should be.

If you have oily hair that's hard to keep clean, your barber will recommend RK Deep Cleansing Shampoo. This concentrate is scientifically compounded with milk amino acids. It helps keep hair cleaner longer yet is gentle, too. With non-greasy emollients that keep hair from drying out.

So use the shampoos the pros use. There's an RK Shampoo that's right for you. And your barber will know. That's why you'll only find RK in the hands of professionals. When you've got products this good, you want to make sure that people use them correctly.

If you don't already know a salon that uses and sells RK, check your Yellow Pages Telephone Directory. Then, start using your barber's shampoo. Because nobody knows your hair and what's right for it like he does.



YOU CAN TRUST THE 3000 SALONS DEDICATED TO THE
RK PROMISE: GOOD LOOKS BASED ON SCIENCE.

RK

ROYAL KUTLER LABORATORIES INC.

GORDON'S IS THE LARGEST SELLER IN ENGLAND, AMERICA, THE WORLD.

MEDIA

Fallibility and the fourth estate



down comes from reporters who would rather intimidate a source into not complaining than have to admit publicly to their editors that they screwed up. To get a correction, the reporter has to write a letter to the big boss explaining how he made the mistake. Who needs that?

So, if you read the corrections box, for instance, *The Washington Post*, you get the impression that you are dealing with an almost infallible institution. On November 4, 1977, this was all the *Post* could find wrong with itself.

"It was inaccurately reported in yesterday's *Washington Post* that the destruction is a radioactive isotope of hydrogen."

"On Oct. 24, *The Washington Post* reported that Rep. John Bingham (I-Ind.) was 'one of many members (of Congress) who often' use official allowances to buy lawyers for constituents. Records show that Bingham has used official allowances to buy lawyers on only one occasion."

That was it. Two mistakes—which were two more than the *New York Times* listed the same day.

The big news—mistakes—we let history down. Which is why I just recommended a book called *My Story* (Western Press, \$20) to anyone seriously interested in the function and functioning of the press in late-twentieth-century America. The book—1440 pages in two volumes—is subtitled "How the American Press and Television Reported and Interpreted the Crisis of Tet 1965 in Vietnam and Washington." The author is Peter Braestrup, who was an editor of publications for the Wash-

ington Center for International Scholars at the Smithsonian Institute and who was a correspondent in Vietnam and Washington for *The New York Times* and then *The Washington Post*.

The work's purpose, stated in its concluding paragraph, is to promote "a strong awareness of the limited capacity of journalism to provide the public with broad knowledge on short notice."

On one level, the book is the rather extraordinary story of sixty men and women—the war correspondents of the major American news organizations—devoting trying to make sense of sixty days of hell, from January 30 to March 31, 1968, as the Vietnam and North Vietnamese attacked and withdrew across seven hundred miles of South Vietnam. On another level, it is a close analysis of the accuracy and impact of the millions of words published and broadcast in the United States during those days by the three television networks, the Associated Press and United Press International, *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines, *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*.

So, on January 30, at 7:37 p.m. (EST) and for almost twenty-four hours thereafter, the AP reported: "The Vietnamese seized part of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon early Wednesday..." Connecticut correspondents penetrated the supposedly attack-proof building.

On February 28, Douglas Eiker of NBC, who had been in Vietnam for less than two weeks and did not speak Vietnamese, reported: "Even

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"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine "Interview." What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

Not bad for one evening.

Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a vodka and soda, try white rum and soda next time. You'll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum is aged for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.



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THE LANGUAGE

A pointed discussion of punctuation

"It's"
"It's"

In the writing, and even in the speaking, of good English, there is a silent partner: punctuation. Except in a phrase, it is not audible (even when Victor Borge does a number on it), but it makes for basic clarity and can provide interesting shades of meaning in the form of understatement. In its first capacity, then, it is a trifle like policemen averting chaos in the face of pandemonium, in a good stage director supplementing the playwright's text with the weight of implication. And it is today in as bad shape as any other aspect of the English language—possibly worse.

Ironies about punctuation flourish everywhere. Have you noticed, for example, how many letters nowadays begin with "Dear X?" when "Dear Y," or "Dear Mr. X," would be correct? Time was when people knew that a sentence partly clues the movement of a sentence and is out of place where someone is summoned to attend to a message; some people even knew that the routine is followed by a comma, although the colon provides, at the beginning of a more formal communication, the required amenability, or more solemn, touch. It is, in fact, curiously naive not to continue reading a letter that follows up the addressee's greeting with a semicolon. Nothing intelligent is likely to be contained therein.

Take a particularly chilling example of ignorance coupled with moral cowardice, which was recommended to me by Mr. Ray Russell of Beverly Hills. He was fairly regularly catching out the Los Angeles Times in erroneously substituting single open quotation marks for apostrophes. In fact, on June 16, 1977, he found the headline **MAP-'N' SALAD**, which should, of course, have read **MAP 'N' SALAD**. On August 22, 1977, another headline read **A GOOD 'N' BAYE ENDS-STYLE BEAN**, in which, by the way, "ends-style" is neither questionable, nor what the Times's editors did not seem to understand was that the apostrophe, among other things, replaces omitted letters; therein the single quotation mark resembles the apostrophe in looks, it can do no such thing. This it is known, it says that it would have properly indicated the colloquial omission of the "s" and "d."

When Mr. Russell politely wrote to various editors of the paper, some

of them did not even have the courtesy to answer. Finally, a reply came from the executive news editor of the View section, which had been conspicuously guilty of the particular misdeed. The editor, Don Alpert, began by drugging in an ancient and beside joke (about not knowing an's apostrophe from one's asterisk) and went on to declare that Russell's complaint was "not one of usage but of type." He stated that the Times's typesetters were *holmes* and that "the way it [the apostrophe] is designed, as a single space, my mind is some confusion." Then, after patronizingly, he explained that Bedon was a respectable typesetter, concluding with another irrelevant, dobbing joke: "Please forgive us our typesetters as we forgive others their types."

As Russell pointed out in his rejoinder to Alpert, neither is Bedon nor is any other established typesetter the apostrophe and single open quotation mark standard. He further stated that the mistake was not arbitrary at the Times. The same issue that spotted the offending **MAP 'N' SALAD** also displayed a correct **MAP 'N' CHIPS**. And he asked, "All of these

typesetters provide both single quotes and apostrophes, the catch being to find, in this last case, copy editors and proofreaders who know the differences between them and their distinctly different functions? I do not wish to press the moral point too far, but it gives one—besides soup "N' salad—food for thought to realize that editors who commit such errors are surely the very ones who taught all their correspondents with advice or double-talk.

Do not commit the costly error of considering punctuation unimportant. Your life may depend on it. Certainly the life of King Edward III hung by a comma. Marjorie, his enemy, sent Edward's jester an ambiguous letter—but let me tell it in King Marjorie's words:

This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids
That some live life.
Edward said: "Occidit solita
Invenit, bonus est—
"Fear not to tell the king, 'tis
good to die."
But read it thus and that's
another story.

Edward on occasion solita,
Invenit bonus est—
"Kill not the king, 'tis good to
fear the word."
Unpacked as it is, this shall it
be.

"Trepassee," i.e., unpunctuated. It went—and with it Edward's life. The jester assumed the full interpretation to be correct.

The problem today is not only poor teaching of punctuation, it exists, but also within opposition to the thorough teaching of it. An article in the spring/fall, 1974, issue of *The Florida FL Reporter* cites a syllabus for teachers of freshmen composition stating that persistent "renewed" the notion of punctuation, spelling, and sentence construction" should be repeated. Comments the writer "Is it any wonder that N.E.W. is currently investigating the University of Texas because of allegations of institutional discrimination against minorities?" Demanding that a student write on really as no to be ritually undertrial is in danger of becoming illegal.

Everyone can adduce examples of more or less disastrous misdeeds

My photographs... life's moments held suspended in time.

Special moments in life mean so much. But in time you could never forget them. But, time moves so quickly forward, and even the most precious of moments fade into distant memories. Only photographs can keep them alive.

That's why photo memory has become so important to me. It lets me reach into the past and see it as it really was. It helps me preserve the present, which too soon becomes the past. But more important, I can capture the future, full of its surprises. Truly memorable photographs are simply beyond the capabilities of an ordinary camera.

I wanted a camera versatile enough for all those moments, both to tell a lifetime and dependable enough never to let me down. I chose Nikon—the camera the pros depend on. I already knew Nikon was the best 35mm camera made, and when my dealer showed me the new, compact Nikon FM and how simple it was to operate, I knew it was the camera for me. And how right I was! My very first roll gave me sharp, perfectly exposed, color pictures.

Surprisingly, the Nikon FM costs very little more than an ordinary 35mm single lens reflex camera, yet it has all the features and quality as traditional Nikon. And, with all the interchangeable lenses and accessories that Nikon makes, there is just no limit to what I can do with my photographs.

For details on the Nikon FM as well as a schedule for the moving Nikon School of Photography, check your local Yellow Pages for the Nikon dealer nearest you. Or write to: Nikon U.S.A., Inc., 10000 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1000, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. (813) 875-1234.

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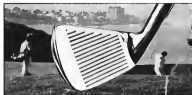
This is the height of the frustration season for America's golfers. Cold weather has shuttered most of the better courses of our players, and golf activity has usually degenerated to grumpy and ungracious weather in front of a television set. Even watching the pros sweat in all their double-junk glory hardly diminishes the frustration quotient, and it's a fair bet that more carpeted greens are worn out at the time of year than at any other.

The pretty postcard images on the TV screen do very little to dispel the general malaise, for even if this is vacation season for you, it's still unlikely that you'll be able to follow the pros to the same courses that the TV commentators are crowing about. Most of the best tournament sites are strictly private, exclusive, and raise mortal fear in the hearts of even the well-schooled but hard-core golf writers regularly cooped up on the fairways at Augusta National and Oakmont, and keep pawns of praise on the greens at Merion and Oakmont. But should an impressive collection actually walk into one of those clubs and ask to play, it's likely he would either be thrown out on his butt or be committed to a home. Such clubs are fraternities as exclusive as they are impenetrable, and the sudden access the rival of a golfer who hasn't first had his pedigree scrupulously checked or been possessed of at least one influential friend (member).

The fact is that only seven of the top (according to *Golf Digest* magazine) fifty golf courses in the United States are open to transient play on any regular basis, and tourists hardly do any better with the second fifty. It's enough to make a golfer give up his all-year shorts.

But for all the inherent elitism, there are still a host of super golf courses that are open to visiting players and around which a golfer can plot his vacation play. One of the great satisfactions of traveling some significant distance to play golf is finding a course truly worth all the effort—it's always exciting to test your mettle against the best. Of course, it may wind up being a humbling experience, but it is usually a memorable one.

What follows is a list of the best



courses in the United States that you can play. It is by no means complete, just a guide to the best.

HAWAII: The two best here are both resort courses, and one of a safe distance from the high-rises and fast-food franchises of Honolulu. Dirt-cheap (\$15) interisland flights make island hopping easy, so there's absolutely no excuse to stay anchored in Oahu. Perennially, in Hawaii on Kauai, is the garden spot of the Garden Island, with three spectacular ones (Queen, Woods and Lake) that provide a tour through the terrain that served as the battleground for the late version of South Pacific. The weather here can be serene—the lush green forests are the by-product of greater than normal precipitation—but the quality of the courses is more than worth the risk. *Merion* (Kauai), in Kaneohe on the Big Island (Hawaii), is a part of the premier resort of the same name and is built on lava flows that have somehow solidified to give the course a finished character. This is a warm, wild corner of these islands, and much care (and water) is needed to keep the terrain green and true. The spectacular volcanic peak that gives the resort its name is the backdrop for nearly every shot, and the Merion Ken Fairways are among the most photographed in the world.

CALIFORNIA: If there is any real competition for the title of Most Photographed, it comes from the Pebble Beach Golf Links on the Monterey Peninsula. This is one of the relatively rare instances where a first-class U.S. tournament track is actually accessible to the public, and

it's an opportunity not to be missed. If you can afford the tariff, stay at the Del Monte Lodge. There's another resort I ought to mention a short way away: Spyglass Hill, just up the road, was once considered so difficult that the touring pros demanded that several of the tees be moved (and the holes shortened). But even in its edited version you will find Spyglass a handful, and your historical education will surely expand as you go tromping through the ice plants.

San Diego is the golfing capital of southern California, with nearly as many public courses to satisfy a golf-mad citizenry. The best of these is the pulchritude of *Torrey Pines* (where the *Andy Williams* tournament is held every year), and both the North and South courses are worth your attention. While you're in the neighborhood, be sure to get up to the fine La Costa layout in Carlsbad.

It's impossible to leave the subject of California without mentioning a fine desert course. The logical choice in the desert is *La Quinta*, pride of the Coachella Valley, in Palm Springs. **ARIZONA:** In a state that is rapidly becoming one of the golfing centers of the nation, none is better than the Gold course at The Boulders, just outside Phoenix, which is operated by the Goodyear tire organization.

COLORADO: Vacationers tend to associate The Broadmoor in Colorado Springs with ice-skating and skiing, but the fact is that its three fine courses make it a first-class golf spot as well. The resort is ringed by snow-capped mountains, making the scenery every bit the equal of the golf.

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and that's really saying something: This is also the place to play if you're looking for a working definition of fast greens: the (at times) advice to first-timers here is to practice putting on a tin roof.

WEST VIRGINIA: Anyone who regularly attends any sort of meeting, convention or seminar will inevitably trip over *The Greenbrier*. In White Sulphur Springs, golfers tend to look forward to these conferences with particular relish. The three courses (Old White, Lakeland and Greenbrier) provide a more than adequate variety of play, and when Nicklaus Design's current renovation of the Greenbrier layout (it's to be the site of the Ryder Cup matches in 1999), that owner's appeal will be even greater. A special after-supper here is the lavishly buffed buffet that's served every day in season in the clubhouse—ok, those punch halves with the freshly whipped cream.

VIRGINIA: Three superior courses are situated at The Renaissance in Hot Springs, and although the night of roaring fires in the hotel's cavernous lobby on a warm summer's day provides a telling insight into the convoluted systems of the game, the golf is no less attractive. The Cascade course, a couple of miles from The Renaissance's front door, is my favorite of the trio of fine tracks, though the newer Lower Canadian course is somewhat better.

NORTH CAROLINA: There is no golf community in the United States more devoted to the traditional values of the game than President. Sometimes one can't give what all the hushed reverence is about, but believers legally play two rounds a day here (on the five—soon to be six—courses), visit the World Golf Hall of Fame at the Pinehurst Hotel and Country Club in between rounds and watch instructional films at the Carolina Hotel after dark. President #8 is the class of the circuits here, though I may tend to exaggerate its difficulty because I once played it five seven holes in even par. We will not discuss my final score.

SOUTH CAROLINA: The offshore islands along our southeastern coast have received unexpected attention since then-President-elect Clinton was first with his vacation in St. Johns Island. But golfers have long known what the general public is just discovering: these islands hold some of the country's best resort secrets. For golfers, the magnet is usually the historic Fort Mifflin Links, part of the luxurious Sea Pines Plantation development on Hilton Head Island. With a shopping course sitting at

76—one of the highest in the country—its degree of difficulty needs no additional enhancement, though the backlinks environment does provide some small added to scoring scores. Pete Dye, who designed Sherwood Town, is my personal choice for the game's most creative craftsman, and his latest and handiwork are nowhere better displayed.

GEORGIA: The Sea Island Golf Club is only the most important part of the ten-thousand-acre resort complex known as The Claret. The thirty-six holes of golf (divided into three distinct nines) are all possessed of ocean views. Like the rest of the local landscape dominated by magnolias and pampas grass, The Seaside site is probably the most challenging of the available quarter, and the four may be played in any order or combination.

The Landings course, Marshwood, on Skidaway Island (just outside Savannah) was originally designed as the anchor of a proposed real-estate complex, but as sales lagged it was made available to the public as part of a new resort incarnation. Here the Spanish moss hangs like lace from the oaks, pines and palmettos; few courses in this country can boast so many holes completely framed by surrounding forest.

FLORIDA: At the moment, the Doral Country Club stands like a lost bastion against the decay that is gripping most of the Miami-Northern Dade Forest area. But Doral's superb golf facilities (five courses) thus far remain unscathed, and the fabled Blue Monster is still the most formidable challenge in the state. It is the site of the annual Doral-Banquet Open, and the Club course (where the qualifying rounds for the tournament proper are often played) offers little dimension to challenge.

Prospective visitors may balk at Disney World as a golf headquarters, but the Palm course at Lake Buena Vista is among the nation's best. An added attraction is the relative removal from the frenzy of the park proper, and it is not unusual for adult members of a premier World's vacation group to take out on the course with the younger members try to bring the Magic Kingdom to its knees.

PENNSYLVANIA: It's admittedly difficult to take seriously a place that is not very far from the corner of Cocoa Avenue and East Chocolate Avenue, but that doesn't change the fact that the two courses at the Hershey Country Club in Hershey are among the best in the Northeast. The West is especially challenging, and if the lavishly old Hotel Hershey is not what it once was, the new clubhouse

more than makes up for that fact for golfers. Chocolate breaks my first hole in the air a bit distracting, but its ease can cancel with the quality of the putting challenge.

NEW YORK: It is also sometimes hard to take the Catalina Mountains very seriously, especially after several generations of comedians have labored so long to prevent the image of snowy Grosvenorland and snowy cream. Yet one of the very best courses in the country is part of The Concord plant in Katonah Lake, and it is a track well worth its nickname, The Monster. It is nearly unconquerable and almost impossibly difficult, and that's probably why great numbers of maniacal golfers from New York City trudge up to its first tee every weekend. These courses usually include a disproportionate number of Japanese players (the most avid, most polite and most depressingly slow golfers in the world), so you should plan your own assault on The Concord for a weekday.

MASSACHUSETTS: Perhaps the least known of this group of top courses is the Taunton Golf Course in Wilmansettown, in the northwest corner of the state. Though it is the home of the Williams College golf team and the preferred turf of a small local membership, it is open to transient players on weekdays (except from noon to one-thirty) and weekend afternoons. Especially on a fall afternoon, with the leaves just turning on the trees covering the beautiful surrounding Berkshire hills, this is a landscape that is right out of America's past, although the very red teeth of this course are apparently in our future.

PUERTO RICO: Though the Rinko resort management team no longer treats the toes at Dorado Beach, this superb golf center still retains its place as the island's most luxurious escape. There's lively debate about which of the two courses offers the sterner test (I record one via here for the East), but a middle-business golfer will be hard pressed to discern the difference as he battles his way through the former preflight plantation.

Down on the east end of the island (in Humacao) is the extremely sensitive Polaris del Mar resort development that was begun a few years ago with great trumpfings and plans to become the ultimate sports environment. Successive changes of ownership and management have blindered all of these dreams, but the Cory Player-designed course is a legitimate gem and would be worth playing even if the surroundings were less than they are. ☼



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ALBERT GOLDMAN

RECORDINGS

The first totally electronic rock

Kraftwerk is not exactly your standard white rock band. In their publicity shots, the four pop musicians appear to be impersonating four اسپرهایت, short-haired, blond-haired German engineering students posing for their graduation picture at some technical Hochschule circa 1955. Their aura of asceticism is echoed in their music, which is purely electronic and frantically electrified from the sounds and rhythms of modern technology: the Doppler effect of streaking astronomical traffic; the wheezy/ of passing Mercedes on the autobahn; the twits and beeps of the highway radio; and even the computer crackling sound of static. Kraftwerk—literally “powerplant”—is dedicated to a celebration of the machine and hence of that machine-age culture that is the bits more of every Berlin-based popper. Instead of being machine wreckers, the Kraftwebers are machine idolaters—and machine makers.

The band's first task was as much a job of engineering as it was a challenge to art. Working to make a music composed entirely of electronically generated sounds, Kraftwerk had to invent or adopt a whole series of devices that would function in place of traditional musical instruments. It should be pointed out that though we talk of rock bands as being “electronic,” they are nothing of the kind. Like those nineteenth-century ships that were propelled by both sail and steam, rock bands employ a hybrid technology that works but that is destined eventually to be swept into the discard and replaced by much more sophisticated apparatus. The first step in this direction was a band that employed no traditional instruments but that has found the means to simulate virtually the entire instrumentation not just of rock or jazz or pop but of European classical music from the baroque period right down to Karlheinz Stockhausen. If Kraftwerk had done nothing more than perfect the first electronic instruments, it would have performed a great service to pop music.

Creating the first electronic orchestra was merely an enabling activity, however; the band's true intention was to compose tone poems that would mirror the modern world



in its own most characteristic scientific vocabulary. Such an addition may seem obvious, but it is revolutionary in the backward little world of pop music. Though the latest rock bands may sound far-out to the layman's untutored ear, to a musician they sound hopelessly retarded—like throwbacks to the Stone Age.

But pop music has not always been so left back. The Scorchers in their earlier employ a language that was surely a simplified version of the compositional idiom of all the great symphonic composers of their day. Similarly, in the last great era of pop music, from the late Twenties to the early Fifties, the most gifted writers, like George Gershwin, and the most revolutionary jazz musicians, like Charlie Parker, left little to be said to contemporary art music (Gershwin going so far as to attempt to take lessons from Arnold Schoenberg; Parker offering himself to Edgard Varèse as a rock!), while in reciprocal fashion, the most sophisticated composers of art music, Stravinsky, Mahler and Weber, for example, borrowed, adapted and parodied current pop styles. Only in our fractured time have rock and art music pulled so far apart that no communication can be kept up between the two camps.

One way of bridging the gap is to compose electronic music that belongs to neither camp. Kraftwerk's rhythm, lyrics and moods come from rock, the more percussion, the formal procedures and many of the mythopoetic allusions come from the study of the masters, particularly the nineteenth-century German classics. The group's basic procedure is to take some familiar technological phenomena

such as the radio or the automobile and explore it both as social source and as myth and symbol. The most impressive and sustained achievement of this sort is the band's penultimate album *Radio-Activity* (Capricorn 87-11462).

The theme is homage to radio—the oldest and most pervasive of any of the electronic media and the most intimately bonded up in our lives. The album cover puts the theme into a historical perspective by offering a stark black-and-white photo detail that is virtually a reconstruction of the first mass-produced German radio, a tinplate black box with a round hole in the center for the speaker and two knobs for tuning and volume. The cultural counterpart to the Volkswagen, this machine and its urban dweller date some before the contemporary imagination as a classic industrial artifact; it also evokes a day, now long past, when radio was regarded almost with awe. Turning the album over, one is attracted by the pictures of symbols, directions and warnings that cover the back of the radio. At first glance, these markings resemble those you would find on a similar piece of apparatus today (the Germans never having changed their appliances typeface in forty years!); closer examination reveals many curious and amusing penicillings that evoke the period and its anxious concerns about putting such venerable machines into the hands of the common people.

The artwork of *Radio-Activity* dramatizes one of the most marvelous and perilous features of the modern world: the fact that at every instant the atmosphere around us is

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filled with thousands of inaudible voices and signals. Like the teeming spirit world of the medieval imagination, the radio-activated atmosphere of the twentieth century must be conjured into revealing itself.

The first sound heard is the tip, tip, tip of a Geiger counter, the electronic warning rod that detects the presence of the invisible spirits. As the wailing's heartbeat begins to accelerate, the speakers cloud with menacing static. Like a medium hearing a table rap, the listener enters the presence of the *Major Voice*. An imposing cloud of ethereal harmony waives forth. The Geiger slips past into this sacrosanct mass. When they emerge, they have been transmuted (via the urgent pleading of a radio-telegram key)—always a thrilling sound—across its message around the world. The telegraph signal is translated next into a simple musical theme played out as a simulated harpsichord—a jerky, porky tune, reminiscent of the bonest first theme of Dvořák's "New World" Symphony. Each time it is played, it is answered by an electronic sound that resembles adhesive tape being torn off a surface—squeerrik!

A voice enters—an event that always upstages even the most impressive instrumental display. The Kraftwerk Voice, however, is designed to bleed, not compete, with instruments. The only actual sound heard in these *symphonies inférieures*, the Voice is that of man just before he metamorphoses into robot. Flat, colorless, impersonal; literal, lucid, concise, the Voice actually repeats its message in English or French, precisely like the instruction manual that accompanies a line piece of German electronic gear. Though the Voice sounds like an articulated tele-type message, it is fraught with poetic and grandeur implications because so many technical terms (particularly in German) are festooned metaphors subject to retranslation and because the Voice's messages are often cast in the either/or mold, like the prearrangements of ancient seers, allowing contradictory interpretations. In this instance, the Voice simply confirms what we have already surmised. The air is full of Radio-aliens.

Meanwhile, the telegraph signal after another is breaking in, each with its distinctive pitch and timbre, suggesting a complicity of electronic becomings. Indeed, the final effect is virtually a parody of one of the most sentimentally cherished passages in all of German music, the "Piano Marmosa" scherzo from *Schubert*, with its intimacy of lead crows and leaf flutter and its evocation of that

most mystical of all Teutonic moods, *Waldesruhe*, the feeling of being completely alone in the deep forest.

The first movement having established that spirituality through the air, the second movement grossly conjures those spirits to declare themselves through the ritual of tasting. A solemn harpique procession, the high modulated strings and low pitched basses of Beck's famous *Air*, provides the setting for the slow, deliberate ceremony. As we follow the needle across the dial, at each point there are appropriate illustrations of sound. The climactic event occurs just past the Morse-code band, when the human voice is suddenly supplanted by the Voice of Radio—a vociferous robot voice, king of breath, rasping its letters, squaking slightly on certain consonants, like a creature laboring with great difficulty to articulate through an alien medium but delivering its message clearly and with the awesome effect of glacial ice fairly disintegrating. "Radio-aliens!," says Don Anderson, "release the voice, making increasingly from the German language's unrivaled ability to phrase the simplest statements—"Electronic sounds from Radio-land"—a magnificently polyphonic language.

The next movement, "Airwaves," kicks off with a graphic illustration of its theme: one of those startlingly vivid acoustic oscillations, like an extremely large spring coming to life. As you whip up using this policy spirit, you lead readily to a fairy-land where the air is filled with the joyous sound of a good old electronic drinking song, broiled in those German syllables that should always groove good old thinking men. As the voice chort, "When streams sing! Distant voices sing!" the robot rhythm section goes into a sexy belly dance that is capped by a couple of jangling jingles that lock electronic hearts.

In its latest album, *Trans-Europe Express* (Capitol SW-11663), Kraftwerk has moved in the direction of both pop and minimalist art, leaving its "radio music" in a bold, simplified outline with a deliberate repetitiveness that one associates with Andy Warhol's use of the all-screen industrial-printing technique. To its original iniquities (less the machine) the band has now added a number of *Seagram* suggestions that tend to confirm the traditional dread and horror of the machine. The electronic drinking songs are now complemented if not contradicted by the high-pitched balalaikas conveying the child acoustic and road terror that come walking up through the sleek alienist surface

of the German "economic miracle."

The most powerful piece on the album, *Shoarma, Drommies*, exploits a stock theme of German culture, the dark suspicion that comes to life. The mood is established by another ominously little tune, and, wittful, schizoid-like, a Fishbake bed, if you please, tramped out a note at a time across a mechanical back beat that evokes the boogie of German buster and cantants inside the room of a *corrallo*. Shuffling forth from this weird background, the Voice proclaims: "We are shoarma drommies, or rapidly changing signs; the mechanical men resemble the mechanical tale of the shoarma drommies who break their glass to walk through the city and enter a dancing club."

The possible interpretations of this surrealist poem are manifold, but the most obvious line of thought is that which views the drommies as symbolic of Kraftwerk. As a group of pop musicians, Kraftwerk is intent on detaching itself from its roots, the punks and rockers—violent answer types whose day is fast fading. By playing at being bourgeois-situated squares, the Kraftworkers achieve an escape that is much sharper and than that of the club-blurred rockers; at the same time, they project their imaginative identification with the industrial technicians and designers who are their prototypes, only appearing a person, the invention of the electronic instruments, coming up with a carefully calculated solution, like every Kraftwerk composition, and eventually manufacturing the useful but impersonal commodity for mass distribution and consumption, as pop records are made, factored and consumed.

By making such a profound identification with the industrial process, however, Kraftwerk has become to a large extent a human machine, which is how the group has referred to itself—*five Mensch Maschine*. The relationships between the human machine, the robot and the drommies are obvious, the three that surround the robots will break their electronic shackles and take over the world. What is novel in the suggestion, implicit in all of Kraftwerk's work, that when that dread day arrives, the difference between the robots and the humans may have been reduced to nothing? Europe and America are rapidly spawning a race of wear-farred young men who occupy all many service roles and almost all dangerous duties in place of electronics and computers. It may be hard someday to tell the men from the droids. ■

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One on one with the NBA's probable Rookie of the Year

"It's pleasant," Jimmy Carson once said of a sportswriter's life. "I fantasize in glad places." That was before the major leagues got into New Jersey.

I shouldn't say that Bernard King, who is the New Jersey State's notable rookie forward, says, "I don't find New Jersey attractive to be an athlete whereas it deters to a player that they can't find there in the N.B.A." I was trying to get as in-suffi into old Bernard, and he was coming on as the soul of commensurability but proving only that he must be a completed person to arrest.

Not because he is six feet seven and quick as the proverbial flash, surely he is too nice and prudent a young man to use his body against policemen. He was, in it time, once charged with resisting arrest, but "resisting interpretation" must have been more like it. "I'm not trying to live up to a myth or live down a myth," he says. "I want to be Bernard King." But there is something right about the man, at age twenty-one. While being asked questions, and after answering them, he exhibits a big, unselfish, extremely legal-looking smile, the kind of smile a deluded high-school principal might like to see. He stands up straight, looks you in the eye and enunciates clearly in a resonant campus-courier sort of voice. And he weighs his words, which was more than I could do with them.

He doesn't mean the type of person who would get arrested five times in fifteen months while attending college. In fact, he seems the type of person to whom you want to shout, "Bernard! Look at this! Go get arrested or something!" But during his second semester at the University of Tennessee he did keep making the headline KING ARRESTED AGAIN for various combinations of prowling, peevish and disruptive driving, anti-degree behavior, marijuana possession and improper auto registration. And if he talked to the police the way he talked to me, the arresting officer's reports must have read something like this: "Subject was asked what he thought of the police, and the athletic department's videotape machine in the back of his car. Subject responded, 'In refutation of that particular question, I do believe I can't possibly say. If that's all right.'"



Not a bad answer, actually, for a philosopher, which may be what Bernard is, for all I know. He does write poetry. "I like to think," he said as a college freshman. "Sometimes, after I've been thinking for about an hour, I'll get out a piece of paper and write poetry." Another, back, two years' worth of his poetry was stolen. A rare traitor, surely. I don't know of another case of stolen poetry in all literary history.

Get back to what Bernard King is. Reading about him in the paper over the past three years, I thought he was a scamp, and I was all for him. Aren't rocks sometimes awfully bone-headed lately? On television during the World Series, Tom Seaver said he had made a personal survey of the National League infielders that confirmed the readings he had taken of these surfaces "in my profession as an athlete." Did Danny Dimes ever say anything like that? Has runner Reggie Jackson had trouble dealing with reporters and teammates early this past season, said his agent and business partner, was that Reggie was accustomed to working with celebrities in the off-season and it took him awhile to adjust. Was it over that way with the Reds?

I had to like Bernard King because of a story I had heard about one of his arrests. He claimed to turn the wrong way down a one-way street one night. Since he didn't have his driver's license with him, the police asked him to follow them to the dawn, where he had left it. The po-

lice set off, and Bernard set off, and then the police looked back and Bernard wasn't there. When he was located and was asked what had happened, he replied, "I want to get some daylight." These sporting figures must worthy of our attention, surely, are not those who keep their names clean but those who are most recognizable.

Bernard paid a few days but never went to jail. After all, he was never charged with anything vicious, and he recently had an explanation. He had let himself into the athletic department with his key to borrow the videotape machine. Something players occasionally did, only he neglected to ask permission so he could show tapes of himself to his girl friend. He wasn't "peevish" under that stammer in that apologetic complex but wanting to meet a friend. Some of the explanations may have been better than others, but anyway, the newspaper's reactions to his peevishness seemed overwrought. KING WAS MARRIED SOMEWHERE! KING WAS ASKED, proclaimed one headline, as if eighty-five percent of the people reading the paper, and perhaps ninety percent of those pulling it out, did not have the same trouble. "The final verdict," wrote one scribe, "may well come down to one point—in Bernard King beyond salvation as a human being, or can he someday become a useful member of society?"

People are inspired to remarkable heights of severity and incapacitation by hall-jugglers who have to go to court. And yet they live to see players smash into each other and get

"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."

"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy."

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"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along."

"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth



yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking. "As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence
Rick Lawrence
Memphis, Louisiana



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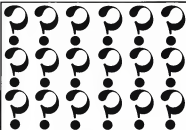
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**Why a New
Man's
Magazine?**

(See page 126.)

ALFRED KAZIN
BOOKS

Sontag is not a camera



ography. As a part of twelve, growing up in Santa Monica, California, she came across photographs of Nazim-Bekim and Debrau. "Nothing I have seen—no photographs or in real life—ever cut me as sharply, deeply, instantaneously. . . . When I looked at these photographs, something broke. Some limit had been reached, and not only that of horror; I felt irresistibly gripped, wounded, like a part of my feelings started to light-up; something went dead; something is still crying."

Many people have shared that terror looking at photographs of ordinary human beings on the cross. With everything that has been said about the difference between painting and photography, no painting could have given as news of Nazim-Bekim. Right on the first page of *The New York Times* was a picture of the Saigon police chief, Lon, with rolled-up sleeves and a revolver in his hand, about to shoot a Vietnam wearing a sport shirt. The photographer is as close as the executioner. The shirt stripes on the man being shot are just as vivid as the grunts, confusion, anguish, shock and horror in his face, only inches away from the revolver about to kill him.

Sontag comments easily, aptly, accurately, on such phenomena. However, except when she is remembering herself at twelve in sunny Santa Monica identifying with outsiders suffering in fur-off concentration camps, she interprets and diagnoses as if photography had to be rescued from its own failure. She may not realize how condescending to her subject she sounds. But without this dis-

son of superiority she might not have written about photography in an age when "everything exists in order to end as a photograph."

That is the underlying theme of her many speculations. It is usually a put-down. Whatever else the camera is and is not, it makes a vast democracy and creates social pressures as much as it reflects them. It is simply not true that "today everything exists in order to end as a photograph." I worked with Henri Cartier-Bresson at places about New York and discovered that Cartier-Bresson believes in imperative moral change and knows all too well that his subjects have other lives, and more profound ones, than what he is gifted enough to catch. The quotation is adapted from Mallarmé's observation that "everything in the world exists in order to end as a book." That may be true for writers and their more passionate readers. It is not true for very long.

"Everything exists in order to end in a photograph" confuses art with life. The camera knows and the camera craves to get Sontag to say, which is true, that the more we turn down our cities and grow unfamiliar with old-fashioned family life, the more we depend on pictures to preserve the past. That is not an aesthetic matter but a visceral longing to keep in touch—and to prove a case. One of Sontag's shrewder moral observations about the seduction of the camera is that there is "a growing reluctance on the part of private people to read anything, even subtitles in foreign movies and copy on a record sleeve, which partly accounts for

the new appetite for books of few words and many photographs."

If only she had gone on to look for a moment at what the young do next! The camera, no matter how much it may select, distort, be, magnify, does not avoid anything, as literature does with punctiliously everything it touches. The camera operates with social facts, with our irresistibly unavoidable appetites, feelings, fantasies, streaks. Sontag is not much interested in pursuing social facts. Although she wrote a terrible book called *Against Interpretation*, she would rather interpret a social fact that someone else has given her than look for it herself, as a novelist does. She is not a camera. She does not look. Her pet ideas often sound as though they were transmitted from French literary recipes for cooking up a storm.

Take Diane Arbus' fascinating and disturbing pictures of freaks. Sontag says that "the decade of Arbus' work coincides with, and is very much of, the Sixties, the decade in which freaks went public and became a safe, respectable subject of art." In the Sixties, freaks were treated with "positive nihilism." Proof? "The films of Pollock, Arbus, Johns, Jodorowsky, underground comics . . . rock spectacles." Consequence? "At the beginning of the 1960's, the thriving freak show at Coney Island was outlawed; the pressure as on to raise the Times Square turf of drug dealers and buffets and cover it with skyscrapers. As the inhabitants of deviant underworlds are evicted from their uncharted territories—banned in severity, a public nuisance, obscene, or just unprofitable—they increasingly come to infiltrate consciousness as the subject of art, requiring a certain diffuse legitimacy and metaphysical proximity, which creates all the more distance."

Coney Island was turning into a vast housing project before the Sixties. The freak show—like the bearded lady in the circus and the world's fattest man—was a scolding Victorian spectacle and obviously old-fashioned in a place where real life was a place where real life was occupied by "suburbans of desecrated underworlds" who appeared on national current workers. Even if I knew underground comics, rock bands or the flag of Jodorowsky, I would doubt their connection with the willing economy of Coney Island. Sontag is a proponent of literary chat. Social reality seems to her a symbol in the eyes of gifted artist, writer, photographer. On Photography comes out of literature, not the naked world that is still there for you and me to look at as we dream please. —



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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

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Only a literary Sarge the Norman Mailer could effectively handle an expository topic like television with such flair (*Of a Sinner and Misdemeanors*, *Weekend and Briefings* with *Data*, November). To borrow one of Mailer's favorite metaphors, his story was a heavyweight bout, Ego vs. The Force. Both contenders came out of the fight bloodied, neither was knocked out, and Mailer was by split decision. His readership was awarded its lusted prize. Thanks for letting us watch.

Michael Schumacher
Kew-Forest, Wis.

Was it by chance, or perchance by intention, that you included Norman Mailer's episode as one ripe and Malcolm Cowley's article *Cox's Complete S.O.B. By a Good Writer?* as the same issue of *Esquire*?

Michael Dusenberry
Van Nuys, Calif.

Life letters

I suppose that we have John Warner as much as Aaron Latham to thank for the best article about *Life* Taylor. Malcolm Peabody, New Yorker, says her lengthy *Life* magazine interviews with Richard Nixon amount to the mid-life crisis.

Press-hound *Life* usually only prints guarded quotes, interviews, but her rubbery-honey, businesslike, it has an authentic willingness to expose her to weeks of observation by an excellent reporter, provided as with a rare portrait of this debauched, easy and voluptuous bird.

Alan Linke
Beale Rock, Calif.

Something has been bothering me for some time now, and it is this: When Elizabeth Taylor's age was given as twelve, it was an obvious and editing two-year-old member of her fan club. When I was four teen, I read that she, at sixteen, had been given a powder-blue Caddy convertible to tow around Hollywood, to, and so it went for many years. When I turned forty, her was listed as being thirty-nine, now I'm forty-six and her age is given as forty-four. Could it be possible that I'm living faster, or is it

simply that I was never very good at math? Oh, well, so her it looks good at any age.

Marlene Hibberds
Norman, Okla.

Editor's note: All we know is that James Leavelle reported Taylor's age as forty-five and that her biographer, over the years consistently put *Life* at age 27, 1942, as her birth date.

In *National Velvet*, Aaron Latham says, "A freewheeling live musician a centipede with nine hundred twenty-five heads tied past Elizabeth Taylor. She shook all nine hundred twenty-five." I concur.

The conclusion I reach is that this was not a centipede at all. It was either (a) a severely handicapped riddler, (b) four hundred eighty-two people with two arms and one with one arm, or (c) four hundred eighty-one people with two arms and one with three arms.

Lawrence Eisenberg
New York, N.Y.

Ankles away

Contrary to what *Esquire* says is the caption for a photograph used to illustrate *Midnight-Dollar* (November), James Jones wasn't castrated from Guadalcanal as the result of wounds received in combat.

Jones writes in *WW II* that although he had earlier received a head wound from a Japanese mortar, it was his bum ankle that got him his ticket home. Sergeant Pids in *The Thin Red Line*, Jones's novel of combat on Guadalcanal, has a nearly identical experience.

Ricky Thomas
McVie, N. Dak.

Omeria

Piccola (formerly *Pida*) Coppola's repellently fascinating movie (*Cine* *Reviews of* *Esquire* *Magazine*; *Hollywood* *Arts* *Division*, November) gives me a strong feeling of déjà vu.

In its heady logistics, its symbolism, its whiplash, its hopeless pursuit of clarity, its alternately wheedling and bullying tone, its operaticity, its rhapsodic "censoria" for "censoria," it censors and

its peculiarly castrated genre style, it is a dead ringer for those marathons, multi-part series. *Dark Matter* used to Dadaphone to get stuff in the head, lonely hours of the night, way back when I was the executive editor of *Playboy*. But *Pida*'s operaticism shuns sexual but more heavily than Coppola's operaticism. We never looked for editorial emissions to the press.

Ray Russell
Dorsey Hills, Calif.

Arnold Gingrich wept

Granted *Bravo* *Army* knives have advantages over most cosmopolitan knives (*How's This for* *Openers*, November), however, a *Bravo* *Army* knife may open a bottle of wine, but it will hurt, never make a trout. Trust, you see, don't have scales.

H. Rosam
Albany, Ga.

Sunshine and Schiller

As the trustee for the Jennifer Elizabeth Jelinek Trust, I feel the necessity to set the record straight as to Larry Schiller's relationship to the *Sunshine* project (*Movie Agent*, October). Mr. Schiller does not own, and has never bought, as you suggest in your article by Robert Friedson, any rights relating to Mrs. Baker's story. He acted as an agent on behalf of the trust set up for the benefit of the deceased's next child.

Shelly R. Don
Denver, Colo.

Critic's critic

No, the *BBB* *Blind* set it all wrong in "The *Esquire* *Times*" (*The Sound and the Fury*, November).

There is no one whom John Leonard of *The New York Times* takes more seriously than John Leonard of *The New York Times*.

Christopher Lehmann-Nitsch is the one Leonard doesn't take seriously.

I mean, Leonard is not without critical credentials.

Roger Kake
New York, N.Y.

Esquire wants to keep from just *Let's see* should be sealed before the fifteenth of the month. *The Sound and the Fury*, *Esquire*, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.



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Esquire

Conflict Of Interest: A Growing Problem For Couples

by Eleanor Randolph

As two-career couples increase and as women rise higher in the power structure, the conflicts become more serious

There is a problem that my mother did not tell me about, and neither did Gloria Steinem. When they lectured on women and careers, they always emphasized the conflict between the office and the home. Mother mainly rooked for the home, while Ma Steinem lobbied for the office. What they left out was that there is sometimes another conflict—not the one between home and office but the one between office and office. His and hers.

More and more, this problem has a rather ominous-sounding name: conflict of interest. In the old days, when someone cited conflict of interest the matter could usually be cleared up by, say, divesting stock, but today's conflicts of interest are sometimes more difficult to solve. It is generally easier, as we shall see, to shed a financial interest than a lover or a husband.

Eleanor Randolph is a Washington correspondent for the Chicago Tribune.

Many social changes come to be symbolized by one person. Richard Nixon forever transformed the way we look at political perks, for example. Bert Lance pretty well ruined the bank-overdraft business for the foreseeable future. Liz Ray made it harder for politicians to keep mistresses on their payrolls, at least if they can't type, and now a young woman named Laura Foreman has made life more difficult for all couples with conflicts.

The complaint against Lin Ray was that she slept with a politician but did not do the job she was ostensibly hired to do. The complaint against Laura Foreman is that she slept with a politician but kept right on doing the job she was hired to do. One difference between the two cases is that Ray was on the public payroll whereas Foreman was on the payroll of a newspaper. Another difference between the two scandals is that while Ray aroused very little sympathy, Foreman has elicited not only sympathy but empathy. Many couples see in her something of themselves.

Today's conflicts of interest are sometimes more difficult to solve. It is generally easier to shed a financial interest than a lover or a husband.

Laura Foreman has become more than an individual—she is a phenomenon, a category.

To understand the Laura Foreman phenomenon one must first understand just what Laura Foreman did. It began on the night of June 11, 1976, when Laura Virginia Foreman says she started her romance with Henry J. "Buddy" Cianfrani. She was a political reporter for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, and she believed it was love. He was a wheeler-dealer South Philadelphia politician, and there is some evidence that he believed it was love, and also maybe a good deal.

It was the first night of a romance that would make a lot of other conflict-of-interest couples in this country nervous about their own affairs two years later. For the Laura Foreman affair would go down in the history of our times as the first case in which a woman reporter had her job and her reputation because she slept with the subject of her column. In all, Foreman wrote sixteen stories about Buddy Cianfrani directly—seven of them after the date when he had changed from her source to her lover. By the time the story of her conflict of interest broke, she had graduated from *The Philadelphia Inquirer* to *The New York Times*. So it was *The New York Times*

interest couples in all professions, but it particularly puts pressure on reporters because reporting was Laura Foreman's trade. She has taught us that besides avoiding pickets and freeways and fat envelopes that come under the table, we also have to screen our bedfellows. Felling that, we may have to change our jobs. Or, to quote one woman familiar with the Laura Foreman case and category about what it does to the state of affairs in our time: "It means that from now on we're going to have to watch our own asses and everyone else's."

Because that woman is correct and because this is a story about conflicts of interest, both apparent and real, I think it is best first to clear the record on my own conflicts—one apparent, the other real.

The apparent conflict is that I was once in love with a man who has become a politician. Although he is now only a close friend, I am very fond of him and could not write about him objectively. My adulter serves. So for this former romance has not created any problems for me, but if this man becomes famous and runs for President, I suppose I will have to stop covering national politics and start writing about health or economics or gardening.

"A lot of times each knows the other is keeping a secret. And we do have off-the-record sessions where we tell things and promise not to use them."

that freed Laura Foreman—which made the story even bigger.

The Laura Foreman-Buddy Cianfrani affair put a lot of people on notice that we had become an official conflict of interest. Perhaps it was inevitable that something like the Foreman case would happen sooner or later. Because the more two-career homes there are, the greater are the chances for conflict of interest. And the higher women rise in the power structure, the more serious these conflicts are bound to be.

The problem is not confined to journalism, but conflict-of-interest couples in the business world tend to be willing to talk only off the record. For example, there are two New York lawyers who happen to be married to each other and happen to work for different firms. The woman is currently opposing one of her husband's best clients in a lawsuit. "Of course," says this woman, who does not want to be named, "I'm not going to give him a hard time." Another woman who is shy about talking to reporters is Mary Wells Lawrence of the advertising agency Wells, Rich, Greene. She started out painting Brandt's airplanes bright colors and ended up marrying the president of the airline. People could not decide whether they were more upset when she kept the account for several years after the marriage or when she took on the TWA account and dropped Brandt. Mrs. Lawrence was unavailable for comment.

The Foreman case puts pressure on all conflict-of-

The second conflict is a more serious one. Laura Foreman remains a friend of mine, even though I think she did several things that were stupid and professionally wrong—like taking a lot of money and a few cool from a man who was destined at some point to run out of luck with the law, and writing about him after she realized she was in love with him. Still, as far as I'm concerned, she had an unfortunate affair, and then she got serious professionally.

With these confessions I have tried to come clean. That seems to be one of the new rules that are emerging in this age of post-Foreman morality. If couples have a conflict of interest, they should put it on the record. At least as I was told by many of the conflict-of-interest couples I interviewed.

Which brings us to the case of...

CONGRESSMAN LES ASPIN AND JUDITH MILLER

Judith Miller, an economics reporter for *The New York Times*, dates Representative Les Aspin (D-Wisconsin), but she wrote a letter to the *Times* bureau chief in Washington outlining the potential conflicts. One of her areas of expertise is defense, but Aspin is an outspoken member of the House Armed Services Committee, so she has agreed not to cover defense at *The Times*.

"The news is really so fuzzy," Miller says. "I covered defense long before I met Les. But he is someone you

would normally go to be get the other side of the story. In some ways I'm unhappy about that, but that's the look of the dream."

Like a lot of other women journalists, Miller is unhappy that the Laura Foreman case has brought her advancement into public view. She says, "I'm a little upset by the Foreman thing not only for her but for everybody. Otherwise we wouldn't be talking about this, because I really think my personal life is nobody's political business."

IN THE BEGINNING

Laura Foreman did not write a letter to *The Philadelphia Inquirer* in 1975, or even to *The New York Times* in 1977. In some ways, it would not have been like her to do so. It would have been bureaucratic, mundane. Laura Foreman is not mundane.

Even thirteen years ago, when I first met her, Laura had the look of a woman who had shopped through our coffee literary houses and plucked her life out of a R.H. Lawrence novel. She moved slowly, then as now, with a kind of sexual grace that contrasted so dramatically with the breathless, lapidary severity girls who dominated college campuses in the early Sixties.

Some of the men who worked there began to whisper. Of course, Laura Foreman did not exactly represent newsmen jealousy aimed at a woman. There are plenty of other examples.

Which brings us to the case of...

SALLY QUINN AND BEN BRADLEE

Sally Quinn does not have the same sort of conflict as Laura Foreman. Her lover is her boss at *The Washington Post*, Ben Bradlee. Of course, this sometimes creates problems within the *Post*; some staff members complain that her copy gets special treatment. But conflicts within the newsroom are far preferable to conflicts of interest that set newsmen loyalty to the public against loyalty to news subjects.

Some subjects do not realize at first that Sally Quinn is, according to her own description, "one of the most unattractive people I know." But she does not seem particularly troubled about how her subjects view her. "You are come to work and think of yourself as just one of the guys," says Quinn, "but the problem arises on the way that men see you, which is, in many cases, as a sex object. But it's not our problem. It's the problem of the men we interview."

"When the chips are down,
I will go with the friend,"
says Barbara Howar.
"I'm getting older and
wiser. Jobs are easy to
find, but good friends
aren't."

FATHER FIGURE

Unlike Sally Quinn, Laura Foreman never even pretended that she was one of the guys. Many men saw her as a sex object, and this became her problem, not theirs.

She had other problems, too. Laura could be harshly and contemptuously. By 1975, she was in a fairly hostile environment in the *Inquirer* newsroom. It was not the time or place for Laura Foreman to make a mistake.

Not being a parakeet, I suggest guys who also picked Daddy Claflair out of the array of suitors. Her lawyer says now that she has always looked for a father figure, and, indeed, in one sense that seems reasonable. Claflair is twenty years older than she is and looks it. One of her best friends in Philadelphia, Dorothy Sturck, says that Laura was getting over another romance and needed a shoulder to lean on. Claflair was there.

"You have to understand Daddy," says Sturck, who is a columnist for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "He has been a very good source for a lot of people on this paper, and it was not unusual for Laura to talk to him as a political reporter. That was how it started. He was a source."

"But Daddy also was somebody she could talk to personally, and when she had problems she went to him. The romance just developed from there."

"I know that a lot of people have difficulty understanding about him," she continues. "But he has a kind of old-world charm that a certain kind of powerful politicians cherish in places like Philadelphia and Chicago and even the South. He is a classic South Philadelphia guy, and he could put anything down for anybody in this town. Of course, he may be a little cocked. I mean, he is under a one-hundred-and-twenty-pound weight."

Laura undoubtedly knew about Claflair's potential problems with the law. He had been charged with vote fraud years before, and the charges had been dismissed. As a state senator, he had masterminded legislation to keep a state senate seat for a friend who had been sentenced to election and sent to prison. Moreover, Laura at one stage passed along a cable from Claflair to one of *The Philadelphia Inquirer's* columnists. It concerned the fact that Daddy Claflair had tried to shakedown the office of state prosecutor by telling friends, "If he can't get anything on me, what kind of investigator is he?"

"After the election, I introduced her and said, 'I'm Andy Jacobs [D-Indiana], and this is my wife, Martha Keys [D-Kansas]. We live in different states together.'"

Still, there is no accounting for human chemistry, and there was some kind of cross-cultural reaction between this lithe southern woman and this balding middle-aged word leader that began producing gossip and rumors in the spring of 1975.

The details of what followed are not private. By a strange turn of fate they have emerged in a manner that is ironic for a reporter—in an old-fashioned newspaper man's war that in spite of all its self-righteousness is just the kind of thing that would raise the ghosts of William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer to smile maliciously over the newsroom of Philadelphia.

Roberts, the *Inquirer's* executive editor, now accuses his paper's apparent assassin because of the existence of his accomplices, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. The *Radio's* chronicled numerous rumors of Laura's affairs with politicians and *Inquirer* editors. "They made Laura send like a prostitute in a military camp—ment," says Roberts, who still graciously defends his former employer.

But in truth Roberts' own paper did not keep much of Claflair's or Foreman's past romances out of print while it took on the task of investigating the one that most concerned it. Roberts does not apologize for

the seventeen-thousand-word section his paper published on the Foreman-Claflair affair. He simply explains that he assumed the task of investigating the conflict to two Pulitzer Prize-winning reporters on the paper, Donald L. Harrell and James B. Stowe. Roberts told the two that they should investigate the case the way they would look into any conflict of interest involving a government agency. Then, because he was involved himself (he had hired Laura in 1973 and served as her editor until 1977), Roberts bowed out of the project and showed another editor, who had not been involved, to take over.

Perhaps Roberts had learned from Foreman's mistake. She taught the business the rule that if it looks like a conflict of interest, take yourself out of the story.

Which brings us to the case of...

LINDA WERTHEIMER AND FRED WERTHEIMER

Linda Wertheimer, a Capitol Hill reporter for *National Public Radio*, is married to Fred Wertheimer, senior vice-president of Common Cause and the organization's chief congressional lobbyist.

"If Fred is involved, I just don't cover it," Linda

says. "He has given stories to CBS and *The New York Times*, and I'm screaming at him, 'Why didn't you give that to me?' He's very old-blood about it. He says they have a lot more readers or viewers than I do. A lot of times each of us knows the other one is hearing a secret. And, of course, we do have those off-the-record sessions where we tell each other things and promise not to use them. Of course, if it's really hot, Fred doesn't tell me," she says. "But it isn't a problem for me. There aren't any secrets on Capitol Hill anyway." The Wertheimers believe that at least in one way they have been particularly successful in keeping their personal and professional lives separate. Many people who know them both don't realize that they are married. "Sometimes they ask if I know him," Linda Wertheimer says, "and other times they think we are related."

EXPOSE

Editor Roberts was less successful in solving his problem. His friends say he was distressed when he first saw the seventeen-thousand-word section after it was in print. It was more than a public weighing of the *Inquirer's* men. (Continued on page 112)

California vs. the U.S.

by Richard Reeves

If Jerry Brown runs against Jimmy Carter in 1980, it will be

a cultural civil war—Spaceship Earth against the Puritan Ethic

The thirty-ninth President of the United States came to Los Angeles ten months after taking office to speak at a Democratic-party fund-raising dinner. He was introduced by the governor of California, who spoke for just over a minute before concluding, "So, with that, I thank he's here."

But President Carter wasn't there yet and Jerry Brown said, "Oh. He's not here yet? I'll go into phase two of my speech: are there any questions?"

"We're going to be here awhile, what else can we talk about?"

After another minute, the President did appear, and the governor said, "Join me in welcoming President Carter to our state." Brown stepped away from the lectern and shook hands with Democratic national chairman Kenneth Curtis, then turned his head and began a small conversation with Jimmy Carter, without fondling, walked across the ballroom stage of the Century Plaza Hotel.

"It really is a pleasure for me to be back in Los Angeles," the President said. "I got a personal handwritten note from your governor, Jerry Brown. But I demand to come anyway."

It was Carter's last good line. After a speech that could only be—and was often—called boring, the President sat for an hour at a table for eight with the governor, but the two did not speak. When Carter stood to leave, the eight hundred formally dressed, \$1,000-a-plate guests rose with applause. Brown stood, his hands jammed deep into the jacket pockets of his business suit, and remained standing as the Reverend William Hollibaugh of the Westwood Methodist Church began his

benediction with an echo of the *Ster Wars* strapline disparaging the thirty-nine-year-old governor intruded into national politics: "Almighty Father, we who inhabit your Spaceship Earth..."

The President did not speak in the elevator going upstairs, and his aides were afraid to say anything. "The line is drawn," one said later. "We know and they know."

"The line," Carter and Brown. The 1980 presidential election. "Jerry Brown—who must be viewed as the human within the Democratic party," began one of the key sections of the "Initial Working Paper on Political Strategy," a fifty-six-page memorandum delivered to the President by his politician, Patrick Caddell.

"Like * As he rejects public, preferring his own instincts, Brown would reject the world itself. When I asked him what he had learned as governor, he answered: 'The shortest way to get acceptance is not a straight line.' Then, on another subject, he referred me to a magazine called *New Age Journal*, in which a profile of him by Peter Berry Chavira included the sentence 'After following and carefully observing Jerry Brown both in his public campaign and in private encounter, I still have a great resistance to transforming the experience to these languages.'"

And Brown is right. If Brown and Carter collided in 1980, it will not be an old-style, sharply defined linear campaign at all. It won't even be particularly political. It will be a cultural civil war—the new values against the old, the West against the East, Spaceship Earth against the Puritan Ethic, California

against the rest of us and our stuffy history. But what is California? Certainly it is more than straight lines on a map. The Golden State has been called the future so often that it may be hard to

recognize that it has become the present. Its values and attitudes, relentlessly, electronically transmitted, are here, everywhere. Perhaps all that is missing is the final symbolic surrender of routine, the acceptance of Jerry Brown as the national leader, a President who can cite rock singer James Taylor, as Brown did two years ago during a panel discussion entitled "Education and Wisdom," saying, "I got more out of *Fire and Rain* than I did out of all of Yale."

Whatever Brown learned going east to Yale Law School in the early Sixties, the question of the early Eighties would seem to be whether the California penetration is deep enough to foster his accession. Gary McWilliams, one of the great interpreters of the state and state of mind, thinks the time has come. "The notion has spread," he says, "that California has become just like the rest of the country, only more so, it might better be said that the nation is becoming just like California, only less so."

The Whole House of Jimmy Carter, of course, is not bog as metaphysical mantras. Brown means an cottage industry here, but the reasoning is linear: (a) the Republican party probably will not be able to master the strength, candidate and issues to deny Carter a second term in 1980; (b) even if Carter is not particularly popular then, Gerald Ford demonstrated that it is still exceedingly difficult to defeat an incumbent incumbent President in a general election; (c) as Ronald Reagan and Eugene McCarthy

proved, it is not all that difficult to defeat an incumbent in primary elections.

The official Brown response to all this was laid out in a five-question interview Brown granted Lynn Rosellini of *The Washington Star* after she had waited two hours outside his door. She reported:

"Does he think about running for President again? 'I don't think that's an important question,' he says. What are his personal goals? 'None that I'm willing to articulate right now.'"

His last three answers, delivered with the ironic complacency he has raised to an art form, were: "I don't think that runs to the level of whatever publications you work for," "I don't really think much of those kinds of questions," "Now, you know I'm not going to answer that."

Two thousand words later, Ms. Rosellini, who is a very good reporter, ended her piece by describing the scene as Brown showed her a visit of poppies-bean oil, a California cottage derivative he hopes can be used in developing a local cosmetics industry. "Of course," she wrote, "California has long since had somewhere it seems entirely plausible that Jerry Brown's poppies bean can solve the problems of California. Of the world, perhaps."

Edward G. Brown Jr. is not boring. That could be the key to the 1980 election—and to the future of the United States of America. It used to be that incumbent Presidents were not challenged for reelection, at least if they were seen as reasonably competent and moderately popular. Jimmy Carter is both these things, and he should be two years from now, but he is also kind of boring. Ambition, drive, hard work—the old virtues thrummed by Ronald Reagan—



begin to make the President look like The Statue of Liberty. Boredom. The ultimate sin in California. And if we are all becoming Californians—*as Burbank is doing its best to make us each night between eight and eleven on prime-time television—can we hear to be bored in 1980?* Perhaps we must have a contest. We must be entertained. The average life of successful prime-time television series is three to four years—we can switch from "The Bonin Grid" and "All in the Carter Family" to that new one, "Star Trek."

What are they doing to us? Are they right? Was John Morgan, a British Broadcasting Corporation producer who did a documentary on California, right when he said: "I have seen the future and it plays?"

No, not quite. Kevin Starr, a California historian dealing with the years 1850 to 1915, was much closer: "Such was perhaps the central question of the California experience: what, after all, was human happiness and—whatever it was—why did it prove so elusive." A obsession with self-fulfillment proved one of the dangers of the California dream.

The New Englanders and southerners who affirmed the right to the pursuit of happiness never expected to catch it. Californians, it seems, expect to find it—trying there, like the gold near Sutter's Mill or the oil under the streets or the sun everywhere. Jimmy Carter, a southerner who is, usually, Yankee in almost everything but accent, may live to be the last defender of a system and society designed to sustain false smiling out a living from rocky, frosty ground.

I'm not smoking paradise. I'm with Henry James before he called California "heaven" in 1906, he wrote to his sister: "The charming sweetness and comfort of this spot has completely bewitched me over—such a delicious difference to the rest of the United States do I find in it."

It is very delicious. As I waited outside his office for my turn with the governor of California, I slipped through the oily magazine around, *San Diego Conservator*, the journal of the San Diego chapter of the Associated General Contractors of America.

"Sleep well, my wife," Louis started, and placed the blade into his wife's chest, killing her instantly. Then he removed the blade and carefully wiped it as his dead wife's flowing golden hair.

What's that? It read like a novel. It was a novel. To celebrate the fifth anniversary of their association, the contractors had commissioned a historical novel based on the construction business in San Diego. Document in print. Why didn't the chapter in Duluth, Minnesota, think of that?

A couple of hours later when I left Brown's office, he was met by two of his assistants, Rusty Schweickart, the former astronaut, and Stewart Brand, the editor of *The Whole Earth Catalogue*. They were off to lunch with Ray Bradbury, the science-fiction writer.

In between, and later, Brown and I talked about space, his current passion, and each other's business. He asked whether I was kidding with my anti-California

grousing. I asked whether he was kidding a couple of years ago when he had New York was desecrated.

We assured each other that you can't take everything seriously. But we are both of a generation that has learned that if you are occasionally outrageous in deed or word, particularly word—if you kid around enough—then you can avoid responsibility or attention for talking too much. So Brown can get away with confounding himself by throwing out lines like "That was then, now is new" or "Those were just words." It's fun to imagine what would have happened to older politicians—say, Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon—if they had tried the same trick.

In the end, because I am serious I assume he must be serious—about Yale, New York and other things matters. It was certainly a serious act when he traveled to Manhattan for two days of pitching corporations on the advantages of moving to the West Coast and when he argued, successfully, that the 1984 Olympics should be held in Los Angeles rather than New York because "we all know where the economic action is."

The real action in the United States, on one level, is a big-down, cultural war, between East and West—on shorthand, between Los Angeles and New York City. That struggle has seemed most apparent in television, the society's largest engine. California has already won on the entertainment side, a victory that was probably formalized last year when CBS's top programmers finally made the move from Manhattan to Burbank. Except for forty-five-second film clips that set scenes in, say, Chicago, Minneapolis or New York, American children are raised on (entertaining) information collected and produced in Los Angeles. My children seem to have the vague idea that everyone else in the country lives in garden apartments shaded by palm trees.

The same thing is now happening in news and might be signaled when NBC chooses one of two former Los Angeles newsmen—Tom Snyder and Tom Brokaw—as the network anchor and symbol of NBC News. "The difference is not where television people were born but whether they were educated in New York or California, where they succeeded first," said Richard Wald, the former managing editor of the New York Herald Tribune who was forced out as president of NBC News by the network president, Herbert Schlosser, who had worked his way up through the corporate ranks in Los Angeles. "California understands the real purpose of television is to collect a crowd for advertisers. California-selected people are concerned with effects, not causes. Content becomes secondary."

They also learn a form of adoption. They don't worry. They don't worry if they lose an argument. If they lose on something, they just go on as if it never happened.

Opposite page: The eastern establishment cringes as the whole country rushes pell-mell for the California style



An Insider's View Of Jerry Brown

by J.D. Lorenz

A colleague's linear notes on the governor's distinctly nonlinear style

One day during the 1974 gubernatorial campaign, Jerry Brown was quite excited about a television commercial he had just filmed. It was his last-order ad. He was shown sitting with a group of older people, telling how his grandmother had taken a walk in the park every day of her adult life until she had become so afraid of being mugged. Jerry ran through the ad verbatim, and every five words or so he would chop the air with his right hand and say, "Buzz word." "Buzz word, buzz word, buzz word, buzz word, buzz word," he said gleefully. "That ad has six buzz words in it. I sound tough, and I haven't proposed anything the liberals can criticize me for. In fact," he crowed, "I haven't committed myself to do anything at all."

I had never heard the term "buzz word" before, but the sound was so descriptive that I knew what Jerry meant as soon as he ran through his 15-second political opus. "Buzz word" is a word or phrase that when spoken in front of a particular audience summons up in their minds a series of associations that are never directly stated by the speaker. The beauty of the buzz word is that by depending on implication rather than explanation, it can evoke a powerful response without jarring down the politician to anything specific for which he can be held accountable.

One of the buzz phrases Jerry was fond of during the 1974 campaign was "swift, sure and just" criminal punishment. It was short, direct and punchy, yet it conveyed different meanings to different audiences. "Swift" sounded like the guillotine. It was for people who are afraid of criminals running around on bail while their trials are delayed interminably. "Sure" was for those who are outraged because criminals

This article is an excerpt from J.D. Lorenz's forthcoming book, Jerry Brown: The Man on the White Horse, which will be published by Bantam Books this spring. Lorenz was a special consultant for research during Jerry Brown's 1974 campaign and, from January to July, 1975, the director of the California Employment Development Department. Currently he's the director of the Council for Public Interest Law in Washington, D.C.

get off on technicalities. And "just" was for those who are concerned about due process. The phrase had something for everybody, opening up with an appeal to the conservatives and concluding with reassurance for the liberals.

What distinguished Jerry from other politicians, I think, was not that he used buzz words but that he was more adept at making them up. He had a real gift as a wordsmith. He also worked at it, constantly. Heirs were spent concocting the right theme or phrase for a five-minute talk. And then, when the presentation had been plotted out paragraph by paragraph, even including the lead in the story he wanted the reporters to write, Jerry would take additional time to consider how to make it all look extemporaneous.

He was a media master!

One day during the middle of the 1974 fall campaign, I remember, several of us were meeting with Jerry at his house to discuss how he was going to handle the next television debate with Houston Fiorano, his Republican rival. The debate was to deal exclusively with the subject of education. Since Fiorano was an expert on education, I quite naturally assumed that Jerry would want to study the lengthy position paper we had prepared. I was mistaken. There was no way he could "outexpertise" Fiorano, Jerry said, so rather than waste through forty pages of material, he would look for one issue that could capture the first thirty seconds on the evening news. "We're looking for a newsworthy issue," Jerry's campaign manager, Tom Quinn, explained. "Something quick and dirty."

But what was newsworthy? Newsworthy, I learned that afternoon, was disagreement, conflict, contrast. (The newspaper reporters staffed their notebooks in their pockets when Jerry and Fiorano agreed with each other.) Newsworthy was a keep and a cliffhanger. Newsworthy was making the point in fifteen words or less. Newsworthy was the use of easily recognizable symbols. Newsworthy was the carnivals between what the speaker talked about and the environment in which he was speaking. (The Brown-Fiorano debate was going to be held at the University of California campus at Irvine.) Newsworthy was what the speaker

started out talking about. Newsworthy was what the audience responded to. Newsworthy was emotional intensity. Newsworthy was a well-turned phrase, a quotable remark. Newsworthy was putting it all together.

It seemed like a big order, coming up with a statement that satisfied all of these criteria. But Tom and Jerry did it in half an hour. They were like two good short-order cooks. Tom remembered that when Fiorano was state controller he had headed the State Lands

office, and Fiorano spent several minutes explaining.

In the new politics of less is more that Jerry Brown was developing, personality replaced program. A great deal was made of Jerry's personal life. Jerry would expound at length on his philosophy while conveying the clear sense that his words could not lead to any action that would infringe on other people's space. "They're just words," he said to me one day after he

YOU'VE SEEN THE MOVIE; NOW READ IT IN REAL LIFE

Warner Bros. cast Robert Redford as "The Candidate" an empty Californian managed by a crew of media manipulators. Improving on art, Jerry Brown was able to play all the roles in real life. The photographs, however, are taken from the film.

"... Buzz word, buzz word..."



There was no way he could "outexpertise" his opponent, Jerry said. So maybe he would chop the air with his right hand and say, "Buzz word, buzz word, buzz word, buzz word."

Comments, which negotiated issues with the all companies for offshore drilling sites owned by the state of California. Part of the revenues from the oil leases, Tom thought, were deposited in a special construction fund for the University of California. If we could plausibly argue that the issues had been negotiated for too low a price, then Jerry could appear in front of a student audience and charge Fiorano with short-changing the university.

The debate went off like a charm. Jerry opened up on the offensive, the audience responded enthusias-

tically, and Fiorano spent several minutes explaining. Jerry had discovered the way to use the media to get his message through in the way he wanted, when he wanted. He trusted the ritual and authoritarian. Re-energizing. The audience behind his approach was simply itself. If he never said anything that threatened interest groups that could fight back (he would try to defer the heavy-duty work to his appointees and to the legislature, he once told me), his public statements would go unchallenged—and he would appear to be right more often than not, in

charge, the master of the situation. And if he was *strong* and made good copy, he would help to sell more newspapers and television time and the mafia would love him.

"Jerry has a real genius for the media," Richard Mueller, the campaign finance director, told me one morning before the election. "Jerry's a natural personality. It's his strength as well as his weakness. Jerry doesn't have the same attachments other people do. He doesn't care about friends or possessions or sports. He's totally into power." And because of this single-minded devotion, and because, as Richard put it, "Jerry lives in the fringe," Jerry possessed a direct line to the collective unconscious. Jerry was in touch with people's anger, their resentments, their hopes, often before they were themselves, and he was able to express these feelings in terms people understood. The resentment was particularly important to touch upon, Richard felt. Any politician who wished to establish deep contact with the voters had to be "a little bit mean." Ordinary people were subjected to all sorts of pressures. They felt inhibited a lot of the time. Jerry was going to express the frustration for them. George Wallace was the first to play on the anger, Richard said, but Jerry would be more effective because he would be more respectable. Jerry would be the thinking man's George Wallace.

The morning of February 28, 1973, I walked over to the governor's office to find Jerry criticized. "The *Los Angeles Times* says I'm not doing anything," he exclaimed, referring to an article lying on the coffee table. "I'll show them. I'll do something. What is today, the last day of the month? All right, we'll have a flurry of activity."

It was as if we had to do our business before the clock struck twelve and the couch turned into a pumpkin. The last day of February was a beach mark. The honeymoon was

"...Buzz word, buzz word..."



"The *L.A. Times* says I'm not doing anything... I'll do something... What am I going to do?"

closest political adviser, cut in. He had something ready for a Saturday press release, he said. A billion dollars' worth of sewer projects, thirty-seven thousand construction jobs. Tom had been working on expediting the projects, cutting red tape, moving up the starting dates.

Jerry looked interested. He scanned the paper Tom handed him. Thirty-seven thousand jobs? The building trade unions and their leader, Jimmy Lee, would love it. Sewers? He would tell the Sierra Club he was cleaning up the environment. Cutting red tape? The conservatives would think he was making the government more efficient.

"I could do a press conference in Los Angeles," Jerry said. "Jimmy Lee on one side, the Sierra Club on the other. Me in the middle. It would be great."

Yes, I could see it clearly. Jerry would demonstrate that environmental protection need not wipe out jobs, as the building trades had been arguing. He would bring the warring groups together. Mr. Synthesis.

It was a resolution. Jerry was showing us something of himself. He often seemed to be saying, "Underneath, I feel like the arly duckling." The image he crafted was a compensation for the

(Continued on page 121)

"...Buzz word, buzz word..."



"I can beat Cesar Chavez," Jerry said. "I'll out-fast him. He's too weak... to do one again."



"I distinctly said bundannus!"

Men And Their Libraries

by Suzanne Slesin

You can tell a lot about a man from the way he keeps his books

"Show me your books, and I'll tell you who you are," says John Fleming, one of the world's foremost rare-book collectors, whose New York library is shown on page 74. "I believe that when a man collects books and lives in his library, a certain custom takes place and he develops a quality of humanism and intellectualism, even if the books are not read." Fleming may be right. A library is often a man's favorite room to relax or work in, whether he collects rare books or just makes a place for his best-loved volumes. On these pages we show you some such rooms—some grand, some homesy, some tidy, some jumbled. Each seems to portray the man as well as the library.

Noble Prizes

Andrew Duncan Caversham, eleventh duke of Devonshire, sits at the library at Chisworth in Derbyshire, England; his family's seat since the sixteenth century. There are seventeen thousand volumes here, a collection built from a library originally formed by Thomas Hobbes for the earls of Devonshire. Every inch of wall space is covered with mahogany bookcases, and a balcony has been added for access to the upper shelves. The circular medallions and arched plasterwork were placed in the ceiling by Verrio during the late seventeenth century. The room contains a portrait of Henry VIII after the famous one by Hans Holbein, the younger, two nineteenth-century desks and a double row filled with original eighteenth-century bindings made for Jean Grolier. On the table in the foreground are two of the historical books the duke collects—one, a recent acquisition, is a rare book on roses by Beaucourt, with each page having reproduced in black and white as well as in color.

Decor editor Suzanne Slesin writes about home furnishings and design.

Photo: Martin



Neroes Bound

"Like old ladies who were beautiful in their youth, I also have beautiful memories," exclaimed French novelist and essayist Roger Peyrefitte, pictured above, as he pointed to the antique Chinese screen that he transformed into a library cabinet for his sumptuous Paris apartment. In it he keeps a 1765 edition, in seventy volumes, of the complete works of Voltaire, "with his portrait etraquil [surmounted] in gold at each volume," and a 1716 edition of the complete works of Jean Jacques Rousseau, all bound in red maroon. Once Peyrefitte owned "the most important collection of eighteenth-century erotic books ever assembled, all in beautiful bindings." These were sold at auction, and he says, "Now that the books are no longer here, I don't miss them."

Book Wall

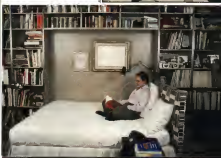
"When you point everything white," says painter and daughter Jack Ogier, "only the things that are important stand out"—in this case, the Steinway grand piano and the strip-eight feet of books and records that lines one of the walls of his New York loft, shown at right. "I started collecting books over twenty-five years ago," says Ogier of his library, which is mostly made up of soft-cover books (listed alphabetically by name of the artist), records and books (grouped by country). There's also a section of classical records and an alphabetical system for filing *deux mones*. Ogier muscled industrial shelving and theatrical spotlights. The aphorism *libris in remota materia*: "I just wanted to keep the structure pure," he says.





Mr. Master

Michael Inghelb designed the Q&R's Queen's Room and library and the River Room and American Bar at the Savoy Hotel in London, but he has hardly done a thing to his own London home in the past twenty years. You'd never know it. He describes the living room/library, at right, as "a mixture—it's French in part, modern in part—a personal statement I made in the Fifties." West of the fireplace is antique French: the writing table in Louis XV, the desk chair in Louis XIV. Inghelb sits in a uniquely long and low Louis XV chair. The walls have been covered in coral velvet and the floor has been done up inlaying rose-pine inlaid in a very pattern. Tall bookcases are inset in the walls to hold Inghelb's collection of books, some inherited, some purchased.



Cabinetwork

The huge desk in Inghelb's late-18th-century library, the shade on the desk lamp depicts Charles's Canterbury pilgrims. The vast room shown at left, on New York's East Fifty-seventh Street, with its twenty-one-foot ceiling, was designed by William S. Heins, an attorney and open house. Over six thousand rare books and manuscripts that make up the former A.S.W. Rosenbach library are stored in cabinets covered by glass doors. "This is a perfect place for me to combine my business and my hobby," says rare-book dealer John Flewring, who has worked in this room since 1967 and now owns the Rosenbach collection. "I'm only interested in the rarest books in the finest condition. Rosenbach was the king of the rare-book world; I am the prince," he says.

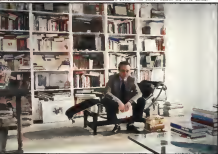
Bedside Nappers

"I genuinely believe that rooms have to have more than one function," says David Tomlin, design director of home products for Wamsutter Mills, shown here relaxing in the bedroom/library of his New York apartment. "I do my poring for new pleasure in bed." Tomlin framed the bed with bookcases that are high enough above the bed so as not to be oppressive but near enough to give him instant gratification. He separates the books he studies for work ("those related to design inspiration—antique-contemporary books from London, Soviet books from Paris, Middle Eastern carpet books") from those he keeps for fun ("for life—sex, fiction, biography"). "I'm a reader," Tomlin says. "I simply get pleasure from the process of reading."



Architectural Study

"Collecting books is like collecting other people's minds, like having people on the shelves—only, you can just put them away when you want to," says English architect John Fennema, shown at left seated in his London library/office. "I mean I collect books to find out more about myself as a designer. I buy mostly architectural books, anything on domestic building in England, and contemporary accounts of the way people lived." How does he organize his library for research? "I simply put all the books that have interested people in order of their dates of publication, and I group histories by subject because it doesn't matter when they were published. And I have my books cleaned and rebound. I put into books with extra stains all over them."



Modern Classics

"I am an all sorts of books," explains Detroit-born Alan Morrison, shown above in the library of the modern London apartment he designed with the help of his friend, architect Christopher Dresser. There are books everywhere—stacked into the shelves, as piles on the Mies van der Rohe coffee table, stacked on an end table for an ashtray. Describing himself as "mainly art dealer, mainly shopkeeper," Morrison, who runs three elegant clothing stores in London, surrounds himself with things he likes—a Le Corbusier chair, an eighteenth-century oak table, Chinese antiques, family heirlooms, his art books, Mies books on British books and books by Tertuliano and Matisse. "It's a mess," admits Morrison.

Rare Vintage

"This room was planned completely as a peaceful, comfortable haven for reading and note-taking," says Baron Philippe de Rothschild, shown at right in the library at Mies van der Rohe's chateau. He is surrounded by rare books. The American-born wife, the late Baroness Pauline de Rothschild, designed the room for relaxed study. All the wood has been gathered from the estate, the Mies sofa has been upholstered by Zanuso and, most importantly, all the lighting is indirect and subdued. Baron de Rothschild, who is among the foremost translators of Rimbaud's poetry in France, has collected an impressive library on wine and food that complements his wine museum. "This is a private room," he adds, "just as I wish it to be."



Reaching for the Top Shelf



Movable Feet

Rare English Georgian mahogany ladder, which dates from about 1680, has a one-sided beveled base and dark green leather steps. It rolls easily and is \$1,500 from Philip Colclack of London Ltd., 122 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Step on It

You can kick the steel around, but when you step on it the wheels will lock. The English oak high metal stool is covered in rubber and comes in black, tan, gray, white or green. It's \$28.99 at Pulver Of So Far Furniture, 45 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. The Kick-Step will be shipped anywhere in the U.S. for an extra \$5.



Getting a Raise

Paint ladder is designed to let you work in high and narrow spaces. You can place a book on the top shelf as you stand on the platform. Forty-two inches above the floor. (Other sizes are available.) It's \$392 from the Putnam Rolling Ladder Company, 32 Howard Street, New York, N.Y. 10025.

Rolling Along

Varnished oak ladder has a top slide feature that allows it to be pulled out for use or pushed back against shelves. The eighty-four-inch-high ladder is \$88; track is an extra \$2 a foot unstained. From Putnam Rolling Ladder Company. (Other sizes are available.)



Small Steps

Antique English Georgian steps are twenty-four inches high and convenient for a small library. \$1,850 from Arthur Ackermann & Son, 30 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Photograph by Roberto D'Amico

Once you start collecting books, there's no turning back. Whether rare volumes or best sellers, books pile up and soon the shelves are reaching the ceiling and threatening to put you out of the house. That's when you admit that you do, indeed, have a library and when you start to worry about cracked bindings and brittle paper. You're in luck if you live in the Northeast or, better still, in England, where the climate is perfect for keeping manuscripts and books fresh for centuries. Thus, too, you should have a library ladder, which will enable you to visit the top shelf. Here are six types, some antique, some modern and functional. To reach his own



Double Duty

English Chippendale steps are over two hundred years old and fold to function as a table. They're \$2,800 from Florian Papp, 902 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

ESQUIRE FEBRUARY 1979

Friends

by John Gregory Dunne

In all the years I have known him, I have never set foot in my friend's house. The reason is his son Noah. Noah is brain-damaged...

Josh Greenfield is a friend of mine. For years now we have talked every day on the telephone. Twice, three times, sometimes four times, a day. Novelist, playwright, screenwriter, critic, journalist, columnist, director—Josh is all these things, and good at them, too, a jack-of-all-trades and master of more than one. I think of Josh, however, not as a compulsive scribbler but as the Samuel Peppes of A.E.W.: a telephone played personally into his ear, bringing news of the world and the absurd, for both of which he has perfect pitch, from all the far-flung outposts and bill victims of the writer's world. I tell him of a party in London, where all the glories of English letters showed up with someone else's wife or husband, peep at pedestrian, and wonder aloud how they are able to hot out a book a year, two screenplays, several introductions, the odd journal for the little magazines, and take a walking tour through Bosnia and a lecture tour through Tennessee, while still having the time for this alcoholic sexual misadventure. "The English," Josh explains, "only screw twice a year." I complain bitterly about an actress for whom I am writing a screenplay. "Don't worry," Josh advises, "she has two left tits." It is an offhanded, nonlinear humor that I find myself opening up and squeaking back into my own work, without credit. Josh never complains. He scatters his wit and wisdom like so much seed into the wind, almost as if it were meant to root under someone else's by-line. We laugh and laugh, dine and laugh some more. Now, however, at Josh's behest. In all the years I have known him, I have never set foot in Josh's house. The reason is his younger son, Noah. Noah is brain-damaged.

We rarely admit how many filters there are on even the closest friendship. We filter what we tell our

friends, we filter what we receive from them. The quotidian of our own lives is so treacherous that friendship, at times, seems an almost fatal freight. More consciously than I care to allow, I try to elude conversations about hipotes, delirium tremens and disintegrating marriages; I want to have secondhand, not first, when friends are removed from concrete positions for "financial improprieties." There is a certain calm to be found in the lives of strangers. Years ago I rented a tiny apartment on Greene Square when I was in New York for a month. From the holy marriage in the vestibule and the Harlan cleaning lady who came in twice a week, from the photographs on the walls and the pill bottles in the medicine cabinet, from the appointment calendar on the bedside table and the torn-out address book and the labels on the clothes left in the closet and the return addresses on the mail I forwarded, I could construct the profile of a life. Second marriage, small child with medical problem, seldom seen older children from a former marriage, lapsed Catholic, unpaid alimony, paroled sister, shaky job, insomnia, heart trouble. I knew more about these strangers who coupled and were afraid in this gloomy closet than I knew about my closest friends, and without the emotional investment. That is, until that day sometime later when I came upon the husband's obituary in *The New York Times*. A stroke at his desk. And a medium-size obituary that was like a checkmark's report on the prebible I had concocted. The accuracy of my imagination seemed an indictment: I had not invented so much scrutiny on my friends.

Of course I know Noah. I have seen him twice, both times at the beach, and if I had to pick an adjective to describe him, it would be "beautiful." He played in the sand, screaming to himself, and except for the monotony of the moon and the fact that he acknowledged no greeting—not in itself anomalous in a small child—

there was no indication that he was infested with what Josh calls, with terrifying detachment, genetic rot. Son of a Japanese mother and a Jewish father, Noah seemed the perfect advertisement for interracial marriage. Josh—smart and funny; Frank Greenfield—a painter and writer, sensitive and funny. (To Josh, after reading a piece in *The New York Times* about superior screenwriters and their \$990,000 fees, Frank once said, "Why you put one digit less.") Josh and I talked about Noah, but to me Noah seemed an abstraction. Josh called him autistic; I could only think of him smothering beauty. A megalomaniac child at best, Noah was literary, the protagonist in Josh's book *A Child Called Noah*. The story was true—the Greenfields' growing awareness of Noah's autism and their attempts to deal with it—but to me, when a book is finished and I put it into the shelves, its characters are frozen in time. In the morning Josh would call and we would talk about Phil Klotz's new book, Henry Girard's *The Future and Back*, Arendt's impostor; at lunch he would bring news about what the feds had bailed for tax evasion, what studio executives had just been fired and whose ex-wife had replaced him as vice-president in charge of production. He has a zest for gossip, an ability to fabricate from it fountains of such breathtaking virulence that he would leave me coughing with laughter. I would take a drink of water and inquire after Noah. "Monday," Josh would answer pleasantly, "I'm going to kill that kid."

Gallows humor, of course; it always made me uncomfortable. And yet, that particular manifest that was the Greenfields' own patch of territory in Pacific Palisades was an emotional DIME that I did not want to reconsider. It was not that I rejected the possibility—no, the probability—that the beautiful child on the beach had scorching the earth around Josh and Peggy and their elder son, Karl, I just did not want to contemplate

it. And so it was with the greatest reluctance several months ago that I accepted the manuscript Josh gave me. It was called *A Place for Noah* and it was a diary of the six years since the earlier book. A place for Noah—a desecrating euphemism, the "place" most probably an institution. I tried to put off reading the manuscript. I was going to Europe, I had my own gallery to correct. But we both knew there was an implicit marker Josh was sailing on. Read it. I settled down with the manuscript. Friday afternoon; by Saturday evening I was a glistening mess.

What strikes me now after a second close reading of *A Place for Noah* is how much Josh filtered from his friends. The Greenfields have a second life of which I was only dimly aware, a community of parents whose only bond in the wreckage of their brain-damaged children. To institutionalize or not to institutionalize, that is the question that haunts them all. The researching of institutionalism is a self-deceiving look into the future. Take Lacheworth Village: "The place evoked institutions—the smell of urine and spit; the harsh green painted walls, the dirty windows, the begrudging attitude and incompetence of untrained civil service. First the social worker took us to one of their encephalic wards: sixty odd women in old clothes sitting in a day-room, all manner of frescos rolling for a Rancetti, a Daumier, to sketch them. It was bath day, but the place still stunk. Half the 'children,' as they were called, even though some were into their sixties and senile, had to be fed; others weren't even toilet-trained. And there were just seven people to take care of them." This for Noah, beautiful Noah, who is now eleven years old.

Noah, who finger-paints on the bedroom wall with his own excrement. Noah, whose occasional "Dad" or "Hi" is an oasis of speech in a desert of silence. Noah, who wets his pants and whose penis now amputates



We rarely admit how many filters there are on even the closest friendship. We filter what we tell our friends, we filter what we receive from them.

stiffens into an erection. Noah, who is not autistic, No that is the crutch those past six years have sawed off. "Autism" is only a word whose "Greek root seems with scientific promise. An Orwellian word—one that connotes rather than communicates." Not autistic: brain-damaged. A sharp, abiding term "Autism" belongs to parents of retarded and brain-damaged children who, "unable to face the realities and stigma of the old words, have found an efficient designation that to me the cruelest effect of the glamorous term 'autism' is the spurious hope it promises for a miraculous cure."

Instead of spectrum hope, hopelessness. And with it the rage that "some damn seems all that I have left." Rage at the bureaucracy of autism, psychiatrists claiming that it is an organic biochemical condition, physicians maintaining that it is psychogenically oriented, each franchise passing the malady off to the other in order to maintain its "heating monopoly" with all the momentum, legions of government funding. Rage at the frayed nerves and too purple strain at home. Rage at his own desecration: "I despair when I am with him I want to get away from him, to get him out of my life." Or again: "I wish I were still young and alone, living in a cold-water Greenwich Village apartment, dreaming of becoming a playwright." The days add up implacably into months, into years!

"August 28, 1971: 'Make arrangements for your kid before he reaches adolescence,' another parent warned, 'because after that nobody wants him. All the misfits workers give up!'

"March 26, 1972: Encouraged in his peers, excitement on the bed, excitement aroused everywhere. During all the child-closing work our time Noah has become self-fulfilling, we began a series of mutual perceptions....

"March 1, 1973: Why hadn't I taken down the living-room curtains? Noah has eaten and chewed them away....

"May 11, 1973: I drive Noah to school. I try to talk

to him. I say, 'Hello, Noah.' 'We're going to school, Noah.' 'It's a nice day, Noah.' The rest of the ride is in silence....

"September 13, 1974: When Noah came home from school yesterday, he kicked Fagan in the stomach so hard that she doubled over in pain."

I had known none of these specifics, only that Noah was a problem, poked and probed at institutions all over the state, his brain scanned, his neurological functions monitored. Prognosis: unfavorable. Yet, incredibly, Noah was produced a screenplay for which he was nominated for an Academy Award, a play about Martin Luther King that opened before Corbin King and an SRO crowd at Ford's Theatre in Washington, then played across the land and on Broadway. He also sold a TV pilot, began a magazine column, ended a professional collaboration. This, not Noah, was the currency of our conversation.

Noah was a "problem," Noah was an abstract. And by thinking of him as such, I filtered out not only the lows but the highs, not only the reality of the family misery but also the reality of the family love. I did not realize that the Greenfields had slowly, painfully, come to the conclusion that there was a place for Noah and that the place was not an institution but with them, with the family. A family can feel pain that no professional therapist could follow; a family can also find joy where no one else could locate it—in the look of a brain-damaged child swimming, in the legs of a brain-damaged child across a paddock. "May 23, 1974: How I love Noah. A love beyond sex. A love beyond need. A love based on service. A love in fact. He can be so endearing—pulling his face up to mine to be kissed I guess every pet has his winks. But he is my pet." Noah had hardened the bark on the Greenfield family tree. In 1974, Karl Greenfield, age ten, wrote a poem:

Noah Noah everywhere,
he goes around just like air,
And when you hear his sacred tone
you know he'll come around the room.
And when he comes to stay
he will stay his way.

The Greenfield's place for Noah is not an ideal solution. Eleven years with Noah and you learn there are no ideal solutions—only dangers. "August 3, 1978: Once in a while I project the future: I see Fagan at seventy-five, Noah at forty, and myself mercifully dead."

I think I have never read a more heart-breaking line. I check my own diary entry for that same date. In the morning I saw a Clark Gable/Spencer Tracy movie that someone wanted me to remake. I had lunch with my agent, and in the afternoon I picked up the X-mas chapter of the novel I was writing. On the margin of the calendar I had scrawled, "Jack called." Was that the day he told me that directors are people too short to be actors? Or that the movie star has two left tits? I know I did not ask him about Noah. I wonder if I have asked him as a friend, or to bring some optimism about Noah. And I wonder if optimism is the last thing he wants, if his conversations with me and his vast network of friends are the way he keeps his sanity on those days he wishes himself mercifully dead. We are friends, but I think this is a conundrum that neither one of us can ever answer. —



"Either you snaking up to the bar like the rest of the boys or you're out of the game."

Sweat

Bo ggs

Sweat



At thirty-one, Will admits that it's harder for him to keep in shape than it was ten years ago, but he sees the fact that he's on camera so much of the time to motivate himself. "I'm constantly making, so I simply have to look my best. Besides, I feel that my facility for being in the moment, for being on to people, which is ninety percent of what I do, is directly proportional to my physical well-being." When he's not running, Degen spends all the time he can accumulating at a local gym. At one right, he works out in a pair of white shorts with red, navy and green trim and an elasticated waist, by Jockey International, \$15 at Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.; Polo's, Detroit, Mich.; Bullock's, Los Angeles, Calif. "In a way," says Degen, "I'm addicted to physical exercise. Some time ago I passed the point where it was painful. Now it feels better to do it than not to do it. When I'm at work, I can actually across my body anticipating what it's going to do at the gym later on and how good it's going to feel." In the picture at far right, Degen is clearly feeling just fine as he releases on a cotton visor jogging suit and a short-sleeved sweatshirt, both from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$125 at Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.; J. Magnin, San Francisco, Calif.; Nordstrom's, Seattle, Wash. Jogging socks: \$60 for the top, \$60 for the bottom, at J. Magnin, San Francisco, Calif. White leather Adidas sneakers are \$120 (in green, red \$120) at the sports-goods stores throughout the country. Socks by Fairlight.

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 Designer's features: see page 10

ASTRO COMESTIBLES

by George Lang

Now that they'll finally let you visit Havana, where will you eat, and what, and how well? An exclusive inside report

Cuban cuisine was once considered the most refined cuisine of



Cuban chefs must wear hygienic masks.

Spain, and some of the dishes I tasted on a recent visit to the island reflected that glory. The dishes available in restaurants, however, are limited in range. Cuban chefs today use only a tiny percentage of their national repertoire. Still, the Cubans are the only ones in the Caribbean who cook with wine; they rarely use heavy spices to cover up the taste of inferior ingredients; their pastry technique is way above that of the rest of Latin America. This is a pork and fish country, and virtually everything is cooked with fresh lard.

There is a food heritage even after

George Lang is a food consultant, chef, concert violist and writer.



Ernest Hemingway loved La Bodeguita del Medio; try their creamy beef hash.

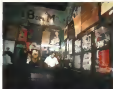
eighteen years of the new regime, but no one gets hungry. The fish that's available in most often frozen, almost all other foods are seasonal, which means that from April to October there are no fresh vegetables or salad greens.

Cooks wear white surgeon's masks—a matter of national hygiene policy. Montmorins, boards and long hair are not allowed in the kitchens. All the waiters wear white jackets or (worn) tuxedos, and the waitresses, generally overwrought, wear miniskirts with blouses.

Fried potatoes come with everything. Cocktails made with imported liquor are consistently priced (a cocktail costs about \$8.50), and

dress, even in the most elegant restaurants, is very casual. There is no tipping of any kind in any town, and they really mean it.

One starts, of course, with Hemingway. The few stores within driving the past fifteen years about food in Havana almost included La Bodeguita del Medio, the restaurant on whose wall Hemingway wrote, "My nights in La Bodeguita, my daughter at the Florida." The bartender made the famous martinis for me like this: In a highball glass filled with shaved ice he combined one and a half ounces of white rum, a half cup of soda water, a teaspoon of sugar (much



The bar at La Bodeguita. Order the mojitos.



rum, soda water, lemon and sweet

more for Cubans), the juice of half a lemon and a splash of fresh peribonico, which is one of the varieties of mint available here (In North America or Europe, use spearmint, but make sure it's fresh and unrefrigerated). The food at La Bodeguita is as good as this cocktail.

The other must on everybody's agenda should be a visit to La Florida, another island in Hemingway country. To quote an eighteen-year-



Pepe's Desquart, still served at Florida.

old English article (which is framed and hanging on one of the walls), it's a place where "man's spirits may be elevated by conversation and companionship."

Hemingway's bronze bust was watching as when the bartender prepared the specialty of the house, Pepe's Desquart. It's a steak and is made with pregrated pork and less sugar than the standard variety. (Three ounces of white rum, a half teaspoon of sugar and one and a half ounces of grapefruit juice are blended together with ice for ten seconds.)

The Florida bar is ready to prepare one hundred thirty different types of drinks. Many of them are house specialties; all are made with hand-squeezed juice. It probably still belongs to the group of the seven best bars in the world—which was the reason Hemingway first wrote it up.

You may have heard about the fishing village of Cayman, about a twenty-minute drive from Havana, on the bay where Hemingway used to fish and where he met the old fisherman Gregorio. But it is unlikely that you've read about La Terraza, the restaurant where he used to go to drink a glass of good aged Ancho run on the rocks with a splash of lime. A single glass on the edge of the sea, La Terraza is not on any of the tourist itineraries. Most of the people are from the neighborhood; even Hemingway rarely came here.

My quietly joyful husband started with mussels de pescado estofado,



La Terraza, in Pepe's fishing village.

small chunks of pork (casseroles) in an angry red sauce, a dish that had all the virtues of real home cooking. Another version, with pilanesa de conchinos (spiced), was also available and perhaps even better. Arroz con morcuno, served in a pottery casserole, was the best rice dish I tasted in Cuban—made with little bits of shrimp, lobster and other fish, plus fresh roasted potatoes thrown in for good measure. Fresh shelled beans were served with oil and vinegar.

The lunchmen ended with strong coffee (a thimble-size cup). Havana's Lenin Park contains several places to eat or drink, but Las Rozas is easily the most beautiful—in fact, it's perhaps the most beautiful restaurant in Cuba and one of the best designed anywhere in the world. A huge pagoda tree greets you as you arrive, and behind it a structure of concrete beams es-

well prepared, its presentation is decorative, and it is pleasantly served. Altogether a good experience.

The cocktail de jibar is a very pretty dose stuffed half pineapple with papaya slices. Pierna de cerdo marinada is almost fresh ham, a better dish rather out of place here. The Inagasta surripas, native lobster, is indeed served, so its name indicates, like a beautiful butterfly. Unfortunately, the kitchen ran out of it, and although they prepare it properly, it's not as good as it would be if the lobster were fresh. If you're strong of heart, stomach and palate, taste agnarrinista canalla, which is unforgotten rum. The Oscar bread I tasted at the end of the meal, flavored with a touch of onion, is often used as a remedy for stomach upset.

Cuban beer, by the way, is excellent and made with imported East German hops. At Las Rozas the waiter elegantly wraps a white napkin around the bottle before he pours the beer into the proper glass.

One attraction at Las Rozas Restaurant is to be greeted by a leather-faced elderly doorman who, if the reservation is in order, knocks twice on the door. Inside one finds a dark and romantic bar and a huge and gold Empire-style dining room lit by candles, one hung with elaborate drapes. If one doesn't look too closely, there is an aura of elegance. The style of cooking here is French-Cuban with some Italian and



The pleasant at Empress. Las Rozas is the most beautiful restaurant in Cuba.



cloves at indoor/outdoor space full of seat and surprises. Japanese landscaping, the remnants of an eighteenth-century stone wall, some rustic panels of stained glass, dark colonial furniture, chandeliers, and several unusual serving stands, seven feet high, called candles refolded. The one hundred fifty seats could fit into half the area; even the lounge and bar downstairs are luxuriously spacious. While Las Rozas is hardly a three-star restaurant, the food is

Spanish touches, and all of it is on a high level. I had an extraordinarily good pleasant a la française. The pleasant was local and excellent, the sauce was reduced from a three-course pleasant steak. The cucumber salad was not most suggestively lengthwise in pineapple strips. The Inagasta was tough, as everywhere in Cuba, but the red snapper, filete de pescado, was as good as the French snapper, even if it was mispronounced

the menu. The poella was the Cuban variety, but I don't very much if one could eat a better one, even in Valencia. *Tuacón del cielo* ("banquet of the sky") was a standard Spanish cauldron-type dessert, sweet and satisfying. A very good stuffy *conchadito* completed the dinner, which, with a round of cocktails, a few Portuguese white wine and a surprisingly good Russian red, came to \$60 for three people.

I wish I knew how to describe the outdoor part of Restaurant 1888. I can say that it functions as a great "lawn" best jutting into the ocean and overlooking the Cuzco de La Chorrera on the Abasco River. It has a Japanese garden with steps going nowhere, a Moroccan kitchen that was brought over stone by stone from Casablanca, a few *lucerne*, *gardenias*, stone garden—all of it a heady mixture of kitsch and reality. You should not visit Havana without seeing Restaurant 1888; go after you go to bed, preferably with someone you like a lot.

The most spectacular buffet in Cuba is a daily lunch and dinner from noon to three p.m. and seven to



The buffet at the Havana Hotel is popular and is Havana's best bargain.

skillet and onion. The chef here is twenty-two years old, the sous-chef is twenty-one, and the manager is probably not much older. Their joint enthusiasm for this project is enthralling; I was almost ready to stay and help them bore the next batch of rabbits. In a blackboard in the kitchen was posted a list of volunteer workers who were going to the countryside to work in a coffee plantation during their free time (six a.m. to five p.m.) on their day off. When making a reservation here, tell Mr. Wenceslao Perez Gonzalez.

The quality of Cuban ice cream is on a par with that of Italian gelato and ice cream produced in the Philippines, the best place to sample some is Coppia's, located in a Havana park. The place is a glass-domed pavilion where people stand in three lines, first for a ticket, then to pick up the ice cream and, finally, to find a place to sit down. There is a pervasive odor of sweet butter, sugar and coconut. The day I went, there were seven flavors: *mangote*, *huevo*, *mandarina*, *cajeta*, *plátano*, *manzana* and *frutas*. Six scoops of ice cream are put into a large amber glass soup plate and it's called as we ascend stairs. It's wonderful. The restaurant Cochrano, so the name indicates, specializes in pork

and untreated sugar at the bottom of the glass. *Frutas*—even mango and watermelon—are liberally sprinkled with sugar. It's very difficult to get coffee without sugar except in big Havana hotels. My favorite bakery at the Riviera was a Cuban petit four called *coqueles*, which is like a meat miniature *huevo* on a stem. The \$10 per person charge here is the best buy in Havana.



Cochran's specialty here is pork

dishes served outdoors under the trees, or indoors in a colonial-ethos small dining room, or on the front porch, behind the street. There is roast suckling pig (a bit larger than its name would warrant), *caracoles* (pork cracklings), *pork* *acollado* and yellow rice with pork *baño* Congo, a mixture of black beans and rice, is especially good here.

I ate a truly Cuban *morosa*, *roast* *fruits*, in a little restaurant called La Carretera (Newmarket and K streets). This is a slice of beef cut with the grain and fried, with chopped garlic and onion thrown on top before serving. It's supposedly made from an inferior cut of meat, yet it is one of the most delicious beef dishes you



Peppery lobster



Pork chops and bananas



Battered lobster

You can order any of these at the Habana Libre Hotel and at many other Cuban restaurants. Left: Langosta vendido, red chunks of lobster in a peppery sauce; refried with the addition of the lobster's meat and a touch of rum and breaded with pepper, onion, ham and coriander. Center: Conchita cruda is Cuzcoqueño, crisp unrolled pork chops with an-

sons and bananas that have been fried twice (the soufflé potatoes). Also visible here: At left, pineapple stuffed with lobster and, at right, an experimental dish, lobster cooked with essence of coffee. Right: Battered grilled langosta, superbly shaped and seasoned, served with (unfortunately) canned corn syrup, which is a big luxury in Cuba. Fresh vegetables are seasonal only.

will ever have, especially if you don't mind a bit of chewing.

Some dishes you will find almost everywhere are *tripe* *sangre* *de* *vacuno*, a black bean side dish that is called "sanco" because it is slightly thicker than the usual Cuban black bean dish; *morcillo* de *porro* *frito*, a breaded pork preparation (although the name originates during cooking, the large chunks are neither too dry nor too hard if well prepared); *bermudo* *frito*, segments of sweet potato fried whole, then fried crisp; *porros* *asados*, a rolled sliced meat, usually flavorful, warm or crisp; *caracoles*, black beans (the dark faces of the Moors) and rice (the Christians).

Three hours' drive from Havana is the famed Varadero Beach, a resort area with accommodations that, at this point, are adequate at best. But you can eat and drink here with more pleasure. Whether Irvin's Du Post, who had large buildings in Cuba, actually created modern Varadero Beach is a moot point. He did build a majestic castle in a modified Moorish style on the highest point

of the peninsula, with an eight-hole golf course, private beach (new pools) and tennis courts, and he filled the castle interiors with the finest workmanship. In 1968, the castle place was turned into a restaurant called Las Américas. Dining tables have been set up in various rooms, with the Du Post family photographs still on the walls. The Du Post family still in the kitchen. I had *filete de segundo* *severo*, a Cuban-style steak that is simply less-marinated, without any additional flavoring. *Pollo* *frito* is a crusty, deep-fried chicken sprinkled liberally with chives and fried in lard that has been out with vinegar. The taste is unusual and it was something I found difficult to stop eating, even though the aged chicken was rather tough.

The most unexpected place I came across at Varadero Beach was the Pirate's Cave. I have no idea how nature knew fifty thousand years ago that it could create the perfect setup for an underground *Antioche*, but here it is. It's spooky but friendly, populated with huge

lady spiders. A motley *cabare* *rock* group is latched by candles, and a girl by the name of Elia Rivera sings with a lovely voice while a black Arthur Guinness plays a snowy accompaniment. Dancing, perching, a good time had by all.



Swimming pool at the Varadero Beach

And finally, the Banchon Bar on Varadero Beach. Picture a hat, roofed with thatch, directly on the beach, fishing ships calmly passing by, a big glass of rum punch in front of you. Everybody is content. No one cares about your political beliefs, your color, your nationality. You eat some cheese and olives; perhaps you get ready to go home at about two in the morning. By that time, someone has taken out a grater and led the crowd down onto the beach. This is the way to leave Cuba. Get drunk by the sea, on the mojito drinks, on the generous tip, or the music, on the sparkle in people's eyes. **H**



Facing Las Américas, is a former Du Post mansion, is at Varadero Beach



A charming outdoor bar at base of 1888

ten p.m. at the poolside restaurant of the Riviera Hotel. It's a Cuban-inflected smorgasbord with a large selection of hot and cold dishes. In addition to the more conventional salads, soups and casseroles, I had fresh watermelon juice and a cold marinated quail dish called *condor* *en* *cazuela* (quail is quite common in Cuba). The little birds were lightly cooked in a marinade, and the pungent, slightly peppery taste in this Cuban-Southern preparation was memorable. A round table in the center of the dining room holds about a dozen different kinds of desserts, most of them are excellent, if somewhat. (Cubans receive five pounds of sugar per month per person as their allowance—several times the U.S. usage. They grumble that it is not enough. When you order too tea, you find one and a half to two inches

Show Her You Love Her

They say that to give a gift is a reward in itself. Maybe. But if a gift is chosen so carefully that it inspires a favor in return, who's to complain? Not us. Not Saint Valentine



♥ **Large deposit, large return.** Give her this treasure, an English cameo perfume bottle, hand carved around 1900. It's \$60 at Leo Kaplan Antiques, New York, N.Y.



♥ **Worth a kiss.** A hand print, made in bronze, fits with ribbon. Gary Boudreau, Cambridge, Mass.; Angety Book Store, New York, N.Y.; John Howard, San Francisco, Calif.



♥ **Good for one enchanted evening.** A beautiful ballerina, porcelain, delicately painted in shades of opal and sea green. \$20 at Kruger Gallery, New York, N.Y.

♥ **She'll give you a thing.** If you offer her one in natural Norwegian blue fur. By the Tiger Collection. About \$100 at J. Meyers, San Francisco, Calif.; Thomas E. McElroy, Chicago, Ill.

♥ She won't give you the slip. If you find her out of those 300 at Nordstrom's, New York, N.Y.; Galt, Miami Fla.; Franklin, Raven, Chicago, Ill.; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills, Calif.



♥ Love could bloom. Offer her a pretty, handmade porcelain rose for the sweetest girl in town. \$40 at Kruger Gallery, New York, N.Y.; Gordon, Chasen, Whitehill & Co., Madison, Wis.; Phoenix, Calif.



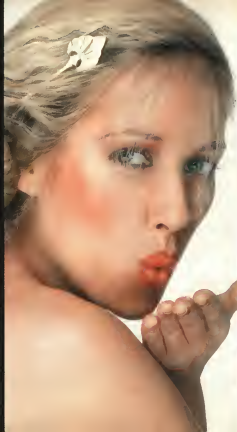
♥ She'll be inclined to accept. Help this girl by giving her a pearl. \$25 at J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Arthur Crawford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Decorative House, Dallas, Tex.



♥ Give her sweet outdoings. Look Victoria's garden. \$275 at J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Arthur Crawford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Decorative House, Dallas, Tex.; J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.

♥ She may let her hair down. Tame her with Mary McFadden's. From her girl to look up to her hair. \$100 at all Galt, Telco, Raven, Chasen, Whitehill & Co., Madison, Wis.; J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Gordon, Chasen, Whitehill & Co., Madison, Wis.

Photography by Keith Landis



♥ Worth the golden alone. From her an extravagantly long, rainbow-colored silk scarf to be every which way. \$22 at Charles Jordan, New York, N.Y.; A. Kohn, Ga.; Deane, Wash.



♥ She'll be as good as gold. Give her with an 18-karat gold powder compact with cabochon-ruby clasp. Engraved in even more. \$2,000 at Bulgari, New York, N.Y.



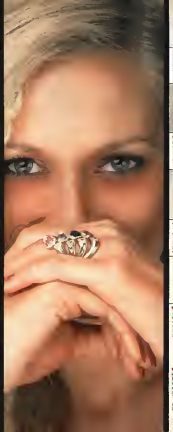
♥ Night major. Give Eternity. Today's chic 18-karat diamond three evening necklace. \$200 at J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Arthur Crawford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Decorative House, Dallas, Tex.



♥ You'll go to her head. Discover any Mary McFadden hair ornament, hammered metal. \$100 at J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Arthur Crawford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Decorative House, Dallas, Tex.



♥ It's all being out the girls. In her. The 18-karat gold, 18-karat of intricate in Italian Japan, recorded by a lady of the court. \$200 at J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Gordon, Chasen, Whitehill & Co., Madison, Wis.



♥ If a paper gets her thoughts. Give her this wonderful silver bag. \$100 at Kruger Gallery, New York, N.Y.; Gordon, Chasen, Whitehill & Co., Madison, Wis.



♥ Love letters have to short somewhere. This French porcelain desk set is about \$200 at J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Arthur Crawford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Decorative House, Dallas, Tex.



♥ Her pastels will be useful. Give her this 18-karat gold set of a calendar three (12" x 10") in 18-karat gold. \$200 at J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Arthur Crawford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Decorative House, Dallas, Tex.



♥ She'll sign, seal and deliver. Give her this 18-karat gold set of a calendar three (12" x 10") in 18-karat gold. \$200 at J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Arthur Crawford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Decorative House, Dallas, Tex.



♥ Put her in her finger. Give her this 18-karat gold set of a calendar three (12" x 10") in 18-karat gold. \$200 at J. P. Morgan, New York, N.Y.; Arthur Crawford, Philadelphia, Pa.; Decorative House, Dallas, Tex.

Photography by Keith Landis

What You Need To Know About Investing That Your Broker Won't Tell You

by Andrew Tobias

When to short a stock, buy on margin, take advantage of a special offering

ANNUAL REPORTS

Annual reports are organized very simply. The good news is contained up front in the president's message and ensuing text; the bad news is contained in the footnotes to the financial statements.

You should be aware that for big, widely followed companies, everything of any substance contained in the annual report was known to sophisticated investors months earlier.



INSIDER INFORMATION

It's much easier (although illegal) to make money in the

This is an excerpt from Andrew Tobias' book *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need*, to be published by Bantam Books Jan. 20, 1981.

stock market with inside information than with annual or quarterly reports.

A Republican I know in the executive suite at a major insurance company called a close friend of his (a Democrat) in a distant city and told him to buy all he could of a company then selling at \$4 a share. Several days later, the insurance giant tendered for the company (offered to buy it) at \$12 a share. The Republican and the Democrat quickly split the profit. A lot of money is made this way on Wall Street, based through the S.E.C. tries to prevent it.

Or say you are a trader with a major firm and you get a call from one of the big banks asking you to buy fifty thousand shares of Digital Equipment. That is a lot of stock. It will in all likelihood move the price of Digital Equipment up a point or two, at least temporarily. You have thus found somewhere you owe a favor, and when you jump into this, you mention that Digital sure looks good for a quick move. He buys options on the stock and makes thirty percent on his money in two days. Now he owes you a favor.

Very few investors are anywhere near close enough to the center of financial power ever to be tempted by genuine inside information.

BOT-TIPS

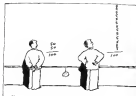
Here is what to do with hot tips: If you get a hot tip, make a note of it and pretend to be very interested. But don't buy. If the thing takes off, listen a little more closely the next time this fellow has a tip. If it gets mired, look him up the next time you see him. He will assume that you bought the stock, he will feel guilty; and he will buy you a very nice knock.

CHARTS

Charts look as though they should work, but they don't. Everybody uses them anyway, just as everyone consults astrology columns in newspapers. Some people even take them seriously. Much good may it do them. The various concepts, strategies, systems, rules of thumb and general folklore that chart readers espouse have been rigorously tested.

To quote Burton Malkiel, a former member of the President's Council of Economic Advisors and author of *A Random Walk Down Wall Street*: "The results reveal conclusively that past movements in stock prices cannot be used to forecast future movements, long more than past dips of a coin will help determine the next flip." The stock market has no memory. The central proposition of charting is absolutely false, and investors who follow its precepts (so many enthusiastically do) will accomplish nothing but increasing substantially the brokerage charges they pay. . . . Yes, history does tend to repeat itself in the stock market, but in an infinitely surprising variety of ways that confound any attempts to profit from a knowledge of past price patterns."

Nevertheless, chartists are likely to be right about as often as they are wrong and so constantly find new reason to believe in their craft. Their bookshelves bulge.



SPLITS

Splits are accorded great excitement on Wall Street. Before the split you had just two hundred shares of the stock at \$48 each (\$9,600), and now— presto!—you have four hundred shares of the stock at \$20 each (still \$9,600). Nothing has happened; your share of the pie is exactly what it was. They have changed your dollars for twice as many half-dollars or four times as many quarters or ten times as many dimes.

The advantages corporations hope to gain from splits are: to lower the price of the stock so more people can afford to buy it in round lots; to make it look cheaper; to increase the number of shares outstanding and hence the trading volume and liquidity of the stock.

While splits can affect a stock's price, at least tempo-

arily, they do not ever change a stock's underlying value (or lack thereof).



STOCK DIVIDENDS

The only difference between a stock dividend and a stock split is that the company hopes prospective buyers will not notice a stock dividend (a very small split) has taken place.

Stock dividends are under no circumstances to be confused with real dividends. Their (dubious) value is entirely psychological, and it is hard to believe that they merit the cost of issuing all those extra little stock certificates and answering the questions of confused shareholders.

Prior to the dividend, one hundred percent of the company is divided among the shareholders. Then, in an attempt to keep those shareholders happy without having to pay them anything, each one is given five percent more shares. Now they have exactly what they had before—one hundred percent of the company. It is just divided into slightly smaller pieces.

You pay no tax on a stock dividend, because it adds no value to your holdings. What you hope, however, is that Wall Street will not notice that your company has made this (very) little split and, accordingly, will keep paying what it used to pay for each new slightly less valuable share.

Sometimes it actually works.

DIVIDEND REINVESTMENT PLANS

These are not the same as stock dividends. Many big companies give their shareholders the choice of receiving their (real) dividends in either cash or stock. Either way, you have to declare the full amount as income. But if you choose to take the dividend in stock, the company buys its own stock for you with your money in the open market or else sells it direct to you from the corporate treasury.

The advantage to you is that you are forced to save money you might otherwise spend—if you consider that an advantage—and you pay no brokerage commission to buy the stock.

The advantage to the company is that this helps keep

the stock up (if purchased in the open market) and is a means of raising new capital without having to pay underwriting fees and going through lengthy SEC prospectus procedures (if sold from the corporate treasury).

Although there is no harm in taking dividends in stock, it makes more sense for substantial investors to take the cash and then decide the optimum place to invest it.

SELLING SHORT

When you sell a stock you don't own, you are "selling short." You do this if you think a stock is likely to go down and you wish to profit from its misfortune. To sell a stock short you instruct your broker to (a) "borrow" it from someone who does own it, (b) sell it, and then, eventually, (c) buy it back at a lower price, you hope—so that you can (d) return it, buying it back is called "covering" your short position.

Selling short is not an American, so some people seem to think. Neither is it dramatically more risky than "retail long" (buying stock outright). True, a stock you buy can go down only to zero, while a stock you short can go up and up and up forever—but few stocks do.

There are three problems with selling short. First, a relatively small one, is that instead of receiving dividends while you sit with your position, you may actually have to pay dividends. (You borrowed the stock from some nice, faceless person who may not even know it's been lent; then you sold it. Now the company declares a forty-cent-a-share dividend, which the lender of the stock naturally expects to receive. Your broker deducts that amount from your account and pays it to the person who lent you the stock. Silver lining? Any dividends you pay out lower your taxable income.)

Second, by selling short, you are in effect betting against the management of a company, which is, doubtless, applying its best efforts to making things turn out all right. They could succeed.

Third, and most serious, is that shorting stocks makes the astute investor even more nervous than buying them. It is not at all unusual for the small investor to spot a stock that is genuinely worth shorting, short it, begin to go crazy as it climbs yet another twenty points, lose his resolve and bail out at the top—only days before the bottom falls out.

If you do want to short a stock, never short it "at the market." When you buy at the market, you are instructing your broker to pay whatever he has to, or accept whatever he has to, to make the trade. Like some, say your child eat for a pound of coffee without adding, "Don't buy it if it's more than five dollars." The alternative to "market orders" are "limit orders." "Buy one hundred shares at thirty-eight and a quarter or better," you tell your broker, meaning that 38 1/4 is the absolute top you will pay.

It is dangerous to short a stock at the market because there is a rule about short sales: You may only short stock on an "uptick," that is, when the price has moved up a notch. If the stock is falling apart that, it can be some time before there is an uptick. You wanted to short it at 29 1/2 but placed a market order; it trades at 29 1/2, 29 3/8, 29 1/2, 29 3/4, then a block at 29 1/2, more at 29 1/2, a big block at 27 1/2, and then, finally, somebody binges it

up to 22 1/2—on uptick—and that is when your broker calls to tell you that you shorted the stock.

Place a limit on all short sales. Instruct your broker to sell at some figure—say 29 or better—so that you don't wind up making a trade you wish you hadn't made.



SPECIAL OFFERINGS

From time to time you may be called upon by your broker to benefit from a "special offering," also known as a "put secondary." Special offerings are one of the few times when you should consider selling short. Simply put, the special offering is a way of releasing into the public stock that none of the big professional money managers wants to touch. This is done not by giving the public a good break on the price of the stock, in the tradition of the white elephant sale, but rather by giving the retail broker a fat incentive to push the stock on his clients as the great tradition of the hype.

With a special offering there is no prospectus, no advance warning to investors can study the situation carefully—it's behind-the-scenes overnight and into the next day. The stock continues to trade on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange while brokers are trying to unload their special block off the exchange.

When the broker calls to sell you National Hypothetical, the company though it may be, don't buy—sell. He will stress that you will incur no brokerage fee for you buy the stock—the seller has generously agreed to pick up the tab—but short it anyway. If the stock doesn't fall as much within a week or two, cover the short and sell it a day. But in almost every case, the stock does fall. Cover your short and pocket a quick profit.

One reason stocks go down after special offerings is that the people in such a hurry to sell sometimes have a reason. The other is that such a big sale tops up a lot of demand for a stock, leaving a preponderance of potential sellers and a dearth of potential buyers.

THE COUNTER

If there is really a counter somewhere, I have never seen it. Over-the-counter is an area of stocks too small to be (or just not interested in being) traded on a stock exchange instead of as "auction" market for these stocks, where buyers and sellers meet to do business, there are dealers who keep them in inventory. You want

**I'm realistic.
I only smoke Facts.**

FACT 1: We don't want your taste buds to go to sleep.

FACT reduces the aldehyde* gases that we believe muddle the flavor of fine tobaccos so you can enjoy wake-awake taste.

FACT 2: We have smoke scrubbers in our filter.

These Purite® scrubbers work like magnets to reduce these same aldehydes and let the fine flavor come through.

FACT 3: We have a patent on flavor in low 'tar' cigarettes: #3828800.

Our Purite filter helps deliver flavor in a way so new we've been able to patent it.

Add it all up. Low gas, low 'tar', great flavor. That's a FACT.

*Aldehydes: Crotonaldehyde, Acetaldehyde

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Available in regular and menthol.

Meet Ernest Borgnine, the famous stamp collector.



13c. Bicentennial Year of Talking Pictures (No. 1, 1975)



Surrender at Saratoga 1777 by Trumbull

U.S. Bicentennial 13-cents

Remembered at Saratoga (No. 2, 1975)

Everyone knows Ernest Borgnine, the famous actor. But did you know he collects stamps? Off the screen, it's one of his most interesting and rewarding activities.

Stamp collecting can give you that same kind of enjoyment. And U.S. Commemorative stamps are an easy, affordable way to start building your collection.

Through the years, Commemorative stamps have shown the history and people who have helped make America, America. And you can buy them right at your local Post Office. New

Commemoratives are issued every few weeks. (There's even a guidebook called *Stamps & Stories* to tell you how to get started.)

Start collecting now, with the 50th Anniversary Year of Talking Pictures and the Surrender at Saratoga Commemorative. You'll be building a collection you and your family will treasure for years.

As Ernest Borgnine says, "I hope that someday my children will enjoy stamp collecting as much as I do."

U.S. Postal Service 

Collect U.S. Commemoratives. They're fun. They're history. They're America.

some, we got some, you got some, we'll buy it.

The problem with G.T.C. stocks, particularly if you're not planning to buy and hold for the long haul, is that in addition to brokerage commissions you have the "dealer spread" is contorted with The dealer spread, in percentage terms, is enormous. A stock may be quoted at \$10, 5% asked! That means you have to pay the dealer \$550 for a hundred shares, plus a commission to your broker; then you can turn around and sell the dealer the

same hundred shares for \$400, minus a commission for the broker. Although that is about as extreme as the spreads get, it is still very discouraging. In this example the stock has to rise from 4% bid to about 6 bid—a thirty-three-percent gain—just for you to break even.

While you should not rule out G.T.C. issues—they can represent the best values—you must take these often enormous "transaction costs" fully into account before investing.



Cocktail Party Financial Quips To Help You Feel Smug

There are two ways to go about buying something to say when cocktail-party talk turns to the stock market. One way is for you to play the market yourself. This can be enormously expensive. The other way is to memorize the following:

1. If you wish to pretend you are heavily into the market, you can say: "I'm betting that the Fed will ease up." This means you think the Federal Reserve Board will ease up on interest rates, allowing them to fall and the stock market, as a consequence, to rise. Either this is the consensus, in which case you will seem as current, or else it is a contrary opinion, in which case you will appear to be a shrewd man or woman of independent thought. No matter what the Fed is really doing or how little you know of it or even, that you should have as opinion at all is impressive. If someone tries to pin you down, look genuinely uncomfortable—which won't be hard under the circumstances—and say, just a bit mysteriously: "Perhaps not, but I'd rather not discuss it just yet."

2. If you have had the good sense to avoid the market but someone asks you what stocks you're into these days, you can say: "Gee, Bill, I really don't have much of a mind for stocks. I know I must be missing out on some

terrible opportunities, but I'm happier just sticking to municipal." This will be taken as a display of false modesty—it will be assumed you really do have a mind for stocks—and it will indicate that you are a high-bracket taxpayer of considerable means. You will be envied.

3. Or "I'll tell you the truth. Phil, I used to play the market until I tied up how much time I was spending on it—you know, the calls from my broker, checking the stock pages, juggling the commodity straddles to save a few too dollars. I decided I'd rather spend the time with my kids and settle for a sure eight or nine percent in bonds." This is bound to make Phil feel guilty.

4. If someone is waxing philosophical about the market, you can say: "The great mistake made by the public is paying attention to prices instead of values." If that raises an eyebrow because it sounds a bit more formal than you usually sound, you can continue: "C.B. Dew said this back at the turn of the century [which he did], and it's as true now as it was then [which it is]."

5. If someone is boasting about a stock that has really soared, you can say: "Gosh, that's terrific! Sounds like it's time to start short."

6. Or (the killer): "By the way—how'd you do in '84?"



BETA

Beta is a measure of the stock's volatility. When the market goes up, does this stock tend to go up faster? Or not so fast? When the market is falling, does this stock plunge? Or does it just drift downward? The more speculative the stock (or portfolio), the higher its beta. If it moves twice as wildly as the market—a ten-percent decline in the market produces a twenty-percent decline in the stock—its beta is 2. If it moves only half as forcefully—a ten-percent market gain produces only a five-percent gain in the stock—then its beta is 0.5. Most stocks move about as the market does, so give or take a little, most stocks have betas around 1.

It doesn't take calculus to know that utilities are relatively steady and that hot technology stocks are more speculative. But beta quantifies this. "What's your portfolio's beta?" you can ask show-off friends to put them in their places. On the off chance that they have any idea, you should react this way: If beta is under 1—"Playing it safe this year, eh?" (This is particularly useful if the market has recently been booming.) If over 1—"Looking for a good run in the market, are you?"

Beta beta does more:
You have to know it.

THE DOW JONES INDUSTRIAL AVERAGE

Around all reason, this highly sensitive average of thirty stocks is the most widely followed "financial barometer," and probably always will be.

The Dow is a conservative index. When the market goes down, the Dow tends to go down less; when the market goes up, it tends to go up less. Relative to the market as a whole, it has a low beta.

There are many other indices to look at if you are so inclined, such as the New York Stock Exchange composite index. Possibly the easiest way to compare the progress of smaller, better-known companies with the Dow is to follow the American Exchange (Amex) index.

In 1974 and 1975, the Amex index was almost identical to the Dow, only one-tenth as large. When the Dow was 830, the Amex index was around 85, when the Dow was 911, the Amex index might have been 90 or 92. Why not "right" the Amex index (or for that matter, the Dow) so that it would draw more attention to the Amex, which the Amex surely needed? The index remains unaltered, but

I continue to add a zero to it and compare it with the Dow. At this writing, the Amex (multiplied by ten) has climbed to around 1720, the Dow is sitting around 901. Amex stocks have been doing better since 1974-75.

LEVERAGE

Leverage is very boring to write about, because no matter how you attack the subject, you wind up saying what everyone else says, always, without variation, no more as the caution on every pack of cigarettes: "... but be careful—leverage works both ways."

Leverage is buying a house for \$50,000—\$10,000 down with a \$40,000 mortgage—and selling it the year after for \$70,000. That's not a forty-percent profit (\$20,000 on top of \$50,000)—it's a two-hundred-percent profit (\$20,000 on the \$10,000 you actually invested). The difference is leverage. You make a profit not only on your own money but also on all the money you borrowed.

Profidently used, leverage can obviously improve your return on investment. But be careful—leverage works both ways. If you sell the house for \$40,000, you're lost your entire \$10,000 investment.



MARGIN

Margin is how brokerage firms make it easy for you to control yourself with leverage. It's not unlike the credit card a department store will gladly issue, except it's more profitable for the issuer.

When you buy stock on margin, your broker puts up part of the cash for you, on loan. This way, you can buy more stock than you can afford. On small sums the brokerage house will typically charge you two percent more than the banks charge it. Since it holds your stock in its computer as security, the brokerage house takes no risk. If your shares decline in value anywhere near enough to jeopardize the loan, you either ante up more security or else your position is sold out, like it or not, before it can deteriorate any further. (Of course, it is just when others are having their positions sold out from under them at distress prices that you should be on the phone to your broker, buying.)

MARGIN CALLS

A margin call is what alerts you to the fact that your life is going to hell in a hand basket and that you never

should have gotten into the market when you did, let alone on margin.



OPTIONS

One way to get tremendous leverage is with options. Own a stock and you could wait years before it doubles. Buy an option and it can double overnight.

With a stock you own a small portion of a company's assets and earning power. Buy or sell an option and you are playing a bet—nothing more.

Options, therefore, are a great deal more fun than stocks, more potentially lucrative—and more likely to wipe you out. Brokers love them.

If you know which way a stock is going to go, you can make a fortune with options. But the stocks on which options are traded are, necessarily, the most widely followed and intensely analyzed ones... the ones most likely to conform to the random-walk theory of price movement. They are the hardest ones to outguess. That being the case, the odds in this game are with your broker.

This doesn't mean that I personally have succeeded the willpower to abstain from the options market or that I would pass up the opportunity to tell you about the time I bought Merrill Lynch options at 5¢.

It was the first week in January, 1976, and the market had suddenly begun to go wild. Volume on the New York Stock Exchange, which had been running at an uncharacteristic 15 or 16 million shares a day—only marginally more exciting than the 12- and 13 million shares a day during the worst of the dark days of '74 and '75—was suddenly hitting 30 million shares. Party to rock time, I knew, was a buyer, a seller and a broker.

Merrill Lynch stock was selling for around \$44. For some reason it had not yet reacted to the surge in volume. It seemed to me that if the volume kept up, Merrill Lynch stock would have to rise. I bought ten Merrill Lynch April 30's. Which means I purchased ten options, at one hundred shares an option, to buy Merrill Lynch stock at \$38 a share (the "strike price") anytime between then and April.

The right to buy a stock for 20 when it is selling at 16 is not tremendously valuable, so it cost me just three-eighths of a dollar per share—\$37.50 per one-hundred-share option—\$375 in all. Plus \$9.38 in commission.

Stock-market volume continued to surge.

Merrill Lynch stock began to move up.

My options began to move up with it.

God, it was thrilling!

As the stock passed \$50, the strike price, the option was being traded at 1 1/2. This was the prettiest people were paying for the chance that Merrill Lynch would go still higher before April (possibly much higher) and that the option would thus actually be worth something.

The price I had paid for this option was 5¢. Now it had quadrupled—1 1/2.

I sold two of my options for \$300—almost as much as I had paid for all ten. I did this because I am a chicken.

Stock-market volume continued to not recede. Why (or was happening I had no idea).

I sold two more options at 1 1/2.

Another at 2 1/2.

Two more at 3 1/2 (Merrill Lynch stock was now trading around \$55 1/2).

Another at 5 1/2—\$440 for an option that had cost me \$37.50.

And, finally, the last at 6.

Total investment: \$375. Time elapsed: one month. Profit after commissions (but before taxes): \$2,597.42.

Options have a certain allure.

Indeed, had I held all ten until shortly before the expiration date, by which time Merrill Lynch stock had climbed all the way to \$55 a share, I could have turned my \$375 into \$15,000!

One thing you have to bear in mind, however, is that somewhere there is a person who sold me those ten Merrill Lynch April 30's at 5¢.

I won't lie. Between the two of us, we generated \$500 in brokerage commissions.

Options are what's known as a zero-sum game—for every winner there is an equal and opposite loser—except it's worse than that, because of the brokerage commissions.

Your broker will stress that you are getting to control \$18,500 worth of stock (in the case above) for a commission of merely \$16.88—pennies. But the fact remains that of the \$375 you actually invested—your bet—a little over twenty percent is going to the house. And that you wish to cash in your chips, that's another twenty percent. The commission rate declines sharply with the size of the trade, but it's never insignificant, even with the largest trades.

Just remember this: The odds are definitely against you. Anything you do win (and lots of people do) is fully taken as a short-term capital gain. There are no dividends, lots of commissions. It may be addictive.

COMMODITIES

It is a fact that eighty percent or more of the people who speculate in commodities got burned. I submit that you have now read all you need ever read of the following not-cheap books: *The Profitable Game in Town/Trading Commodity Futures* (Kessner); *Getting Rich in Commodities, Currencies, or Cows—Before or During the Next Depression* (Vicktor); *Sensible Speculating in Commodities* (Angus); *Profit and Future Commodity Trading Techniques* (Zar); *Commodity Futures Game: How to Win? Who Loses? Why?* (Tavakoli); and *Make Money in Commodity Speculation* (Killed). —

Looking for Josh Gibson

by William Brashler

He could hit seventy-five home runs in a season. He was called the greatest hitter in baseball history. He was elected to the Hall of Fame. Probably, you've never heard of him

He died in the early morning of January 28, 1947, a depressed, sick and bedeviled man. It really shouldn't have mattered much. Ballplayers have a way of dying gracefully. The obitua are carried out by televisions, a sentimental sportswriter scours in print with such exonerations as "dipped" and "finkable," and the date of death is duly noted in Macmillan's Baseball Encyclopedia, the repository of such immaterial information.

A lot of the great men in baseball endured miserable deaths: the Babe, Lou Gehrig, Sherie Lefler, Kenny Hubbs. The difference between Josh Gibson and these others lies in what happened after they were gone. The Babe lives, so to speak; Gibson just plays dead. Macmillan's doesn't even list his name.

Last October, I was one of about 95 million people who watched Reggie Jackson hit his three home runs in the final World Series game. I saw the pitches—in fact, saw them four and five times, given all the replays—saw the hitches, the swings, the arc of each drive and the home-run trot. It was all verified for history by videotape, complemented by footage of Reggie in the dugout waving for a hand-held camera, putting up three fingers in case we hadn't counted, and generally doing all those mean things people do after they've won a game of war as well. And so I read millions of others watched, the inner mysteries of legend were revealed. What is there left for me to tell my grandchildren? Nothing to pass along, nothing to embellish.

I was also sitting behind the Cincinnati carpet one night last September when George Foster, the Reds' gaunt-faced cleanup hitter, tossed one of the longest home runs ever seen in Riverfront Stadium. Foster of the graphic arts (as Johnny Bench describes him) hit a high "rod center," which is what Reds fans call the eight homers that have been hit into a no-man's-land in the second deck of the outfield. The ball probably rickled with any home run ever hit. Only about twenty-five thousand people saw it happen, and chances are that by the time their grandchildren hear about it, the story will have Foster's clean nothing rub it

out of the stadium. Legend often flourishes in proportion to enclavement.

Though the ranks of Gibson's fans was, by today's standards, certainly exclusive, the legend of Josh Gibson has not flourished. At best not among whites. He was eclipsed by Jackie Robinson, dying as he did just three months before Robinson became the first black in history to wear a major-league uniform. Gibson made his mark playing ball for the obscure and repossessed Negro-league teams of the Thirties and Forties, leagues that became extinct with the lifting of the color ban. In the meantime Josh lost out, though he was not altogether forgotten. Robinson became a historical figure, Gibson a historical casualty. So with Josh there is a curious void in sports history. Almost nothing has been written about him.

It is sometimes said that as a power hitter, Gibson was every bit Ruth's equal. He hit homeballs clean out of major-league stadiums with more might and consistency than resident major leaguers, Ruth included. He unofficially broke the Babe's season home-run record of sixty long before Roger Maris did it in 1961. (A total of seventy-five homers in a summer season was not uncommon for Gibson.) It is known that every baseball owner in the pre-Jackie Robinson era believed he was the kind of player that franchisees were built around, the only problem was his color.

The particulars are that he was a lumbering 220-pound catcher who played Negro-league ball from 1930 to 1946. In his early years he was a gregarious, wide-faced kid who smiled a lot, said little and swung the bat with incredible upper-body power, much like Philadelphia's Greg Louganis.

His solid years ran from 1932 to 1934, when he played with Gus Greensohn's Pittsburgh Crawfords, the fastest black team of the day and one that dominated the Negro leagues, then he transformed the country in a sick black touring bus. Many of the Negro-league teams, and ultimately the Hall of Famers, played with the Crawfords; Gibson, Rubeen Paige, Oscar Charleston, James "Cool Papa" Bell, Judy Johnson.

It has been said of James Bell, the little outfielder, that he was "so fast he could turn out the lights and jump into bed before the moon went dark." Of Josh Gibson the story goes that he once hit a ball out of



William Brashler's most recent book, *Josh Gibson: A Life in the Negro Leagues*, will be published this spring by Harper & Row.

Illustration by John Quincy

sight during a game in Pittsburgh, only to have it disappear and drop into a fielder's glove the next day in Philadelphia. "The umpire is said to have replied, 'You're out! Yesterday in Pittsburgh!'"

In San Juan, Puerto Rico, where white and black pros played winter ball, a stone monument to Gibson was placed in center field and shiny metal markers home from five miles beyond the outfield fence to indicate where Gibson's homers had disappeared. Once, in that same San Juan ball park, Gibson hit one over the outfield wall and over the wall of a palace behind the stadium, a "double wall" blast of some 325 feet that almost burst an antenna.

Gibson also played eight solid years with the Homestead Grays, the Negro league's most consistently strong team. Alternately he played for the touring teams and winter clubs. His career, like that of most Negro-league stars, consisted of year-round baseball, countless games and stacks of unrelated statistics. Even Gibson himself had no idea how many home runs he hit, but, or where he had hit them all, or exactly what his career average was.

But if press clippings and word of mouth are any indication, it was an extraordinary career. Sportsman-of-the-Shirley Povich said in 1989 that Josh was even better than the Yankees' famous Bill Dickey. Jimmy Powers of the New York Daily News wrote that Gibson was perhaps the greatest right-handed baseball ever known. And then from Washington Senator pitcher Walter Johnson in 1938: "There is a catcher that any big-league club would like to buy for two hundred thousand dollars. His name is Gibson . . . he can do anything. He hits like a lefty and a righty. And he catches so well he might as well be in a rocking chair. The best the Grays is a colored fellow."

In 1947, he died suddenly, at age thirty-five, while still an active player.

In the thirty-one years since his death, the legend of Josh Gibson the slapper has been invoked on every occasion: a man who hit more balls out of more ball parks against more pitchers and in front of more fans than any man alive. An edition of the Guinness Book of World Records has announced set his home-run total at eight hundred. And general baseball need of records and stats is reinforced by accounts here it that Gibson was the only man ever to hit a fair ball out of Yankee Stadium, something he never did. Josh Gibson the individual has been obliterated in the locker tape. Few sports fans have even the vaguest notion of who he was or what happened to him.

To research my novel, *The Slave Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, a fictional account of Negro-league baseball, I spent hours talking with the former players, men in their sixties and seventies, who had competed in that tarnished but electric era of Jim Crow baseball. I heard more stories about and references to Josh Gibson than to anyone except Babe Ruth. Paine is still around in charm and give about the way he played the game, but Gibson has been gone so

long that insight into his career tend to begin and end with discussions of the distance of specific home runs. Even his former teammates, who told me a lot about Gibson's power, his slant, the feel of his homers, and went to nothing about the man. "He was a swell guy, a nice guy, a grown-up little boy," they said, but few of them went much further.

Such reticence, however, revealed much more about Gibson than they knew.

Negro-league ballplayers were blindly devoted to the game. By and large, they were uneducated, generally uneducated men who seldom read books or wrote letters, contemplating their fates or questioned their futures. Gibson left no letters and almost no record of his thoughts or his temperaments. His closest friends were ballplayers, so year-round baseball left him an absentee father and a stranger to his immediate family.

Ballplayers prefer to talk shop rather than personality. They let the game take care of the rest of life. The game always seems to pre-empt personal problems and families. Former Negro-league players, like a lot of other sports fans, aren't comfortable with the way the lives of today's heroes are consumed. Back then they were content not to know about Babe's affairs and social diseases, and today they remain equally content to ignore bedtime tales from Johnny Bench's ex-wife. To his old teammates, my inquiries about Josh's character, his needs, his marriages, were tantamount to asking about his instructions or his personal hygiene. In his book *Ball Fever*, Jim Houston turned Mickey Hatcher, the marvelous Gibson kid, into a boring, redneck-playing vagrant. No sports hero has been so hostile to the friends of Gibson, knowing the problems he had, especially near the end of his life, feared the worst, that a look at Josh the man would reveal a black who was a weak, depressed victim of the sport and the times, not the indomitable power hitter who could master any pitcher alive and smile sweetly as he romanced the ladies.

I found it perplexing, however, that Gibson, a symbol to so many black fans, was allowed to fade, and so quickly. Babe Ruth left surrounded by press, Gibson, by anonymity. His death went unregistered. Nobody asked how he died, where, when, or what illness he contracted to strike down, man every bit as important to black people as Josh Gibson, Jesse Owens or Joe Louis. And at the age of thirty-five.

His survivors weren't left with the answers, or else they have pushed the answers far below the surface. Josh left a son and daughter, twice born in 1939, by his first wife, who died shortly after delivery. They now live in Pittsburgh, as does Josh's younger sister, Mrs. Annie Mahaffey, a woman in her early sixties. They are simple people who have never made any money from Josh's fame and, since his death, have had to struggle to get by. Josh Jr., after an aborted managerial career, suffered kidney failure in the late 1960's, and a constantly drove raised money for dialysis until a kidney transplant was performed. Like

Josh, Josh Jr. and Mrs. Mahaffey are plagued by chronic hypertension.

Mrs. Mahaffey lives with her husband in Charlie Street in Pittsburgh's North Side, the same neighborhood Josh's family came to from Georgia and a section of town which some tell you to stay away from. It is a desolate black ghetto called Pleasant Valley, full of winding streets that slope toward the Allegheny River. Josh once raced down the hills on roller skates, a passion of his when he wasn't playing amateur baseball. Kids still drift through gateways of leaning frame houses built right up to the sidewalks, and old blacks sit in battered, overstuffed chairs in front of doors with hand-painted murals.

Before the threat of a revolving victim, Mrs. Mahaffey would talk to anyone who made the trip, ushering them into a front living room filled with plastic-covered furniture or into a kitchen where, likely as not, a television and radio play simultaneously. She looks remarkably like her brother: forever, dark-skinned, with a round, glowing face, that face, those features, that black sports fans saw in their newspapers for years.

Her anecdotes generally were of Josh as a kid in Home Vista, Georgia, then Pittsburgh. When he became Josh Gibson, superstar, Annie saw little of him and seldom knew less about him than his new family of teammates did. Annie was a particular parent in Josh's children, who hardly knew their father and were only sixteen when he died.

Thus, the material I As a young catcher for the Grays, before death at thirty-five, could gather came largely from Josh's former teammates, men such as Cool Papa Bell, Jimmy Crawford, Ted Page, Buck Leonard and others, however limited their memories of Josh might be. I heard the stories of the countless home runs, the way of a man who was a power-hitting star who played to measure a 315-foot drive, how an infielder once had to walk off the diamond when Josh's line drive bare his glove off his hand and split the web of skin between his thumb and forefinger, how one of Josh's clothesline drives in Chicago's Comiskey Park struck a head-speaker perched atop the corner-field fence 415 feet away and struck inside it like an apple. The man could hit the ball, and then men saw him hit it.

The man closest to Josh throughout his career was Sammy Bankhead, a superb insider for the Crawfords and Grays who later became a minor-league manager. Bankhead never made himself available to baseball historians interested in Gibson. While a city

worker in Pittsburgh, he became a heavy drinker, seldom sober enough to be the petulant and orderly road person he was as a player. Bankhead the drunk was angry and uncommunicative, but he knew the real Josh Gibson, and he often soothed at the night. Before he could relieve them, Bankhead was shot, in the back of the head one hot July night in 1974 during a brawl in a Pittsburgh hotel kitchen where he worked as a dishwasher. His wife, Helen, Josh Gibson Jr. and a smattering of former teammates buried him.

Helen Bankhead, a stoical, patient woman in her mid-sixties who fully understood the passages of her husband's life, also knew Josh. The lives and deaths of both men were part of her existence; she had nothing to suppress, no euphemisms to extend. She was hardly

other wives of Negro-league players, she knew what went on behind the newspaper from day to day. Forty years ago she cleaned up after Sammy and Josh when they drank beer all night, and she marveled at how they went out and played ball without a trace of a hangover. She knew about Josh's drinking habits and how they worsened with age, about his sorrow, high blood pressure, suicide attempts and the shadowy, destructive presence of a mistress when Josh played in Washington, D.C.

Wives like Helen Bankhead are the survivors, the scorers of fact and legend. Their insights, their recollections in the path of Negro baseball and what it did to their husbands was an invaluable resource. Once I had the specifics of Josh's problems, from Helen Bankhead and others like her, sources who had previously never discussed such things began to open up. Most of them knew about Gibson's agonizing physical and mental state.

It began in the 1940's, when Josh was in his early thirties. His bottom eye and his power remained unimpaired and his throwing arm was still the strongest around, but he often became dizzy and disoriented when he went after foul tips. He ballooned to 230 pounds, twenty over his normal weight. His knees ached, due to cartilage and ligaments stretched from years of squatting behind the plate. His fast his speed, and where he had once been a top base stealer, he no longer took much of a lead and was often replaced by substitute base runners.

Finally the physical became too much for his coaches to ignore. He was beset by fatigue; he became agitated, nervous, occasionally sitting



As a young catcher for the Grays, before death at thirty-five.

strangely and speaking incoherently. Homeless Gray manager Vic Harris once pulled Gibson from the lineup and later discovered Josh sitting in the bullpen drinking beer, a gross violation of team rules. Such erratic behavior prompted Harris to keep Josh out of games, if only to prevent him from hurting himself.

After the 1943 season, doctors told Josh to rest and not play at all. He wouldn't do it. He worried about his performance and played water ball to regain his old form. The strain brought persistent, pounding headaches. His drink even more to assuage the pain and shock off those who tried to slow him down.

In Pittsburgh on New Year's Day, 1943, he lost consciousness and went into a coma. He was rushed to a hospital, where he soon shook the coma and improved

Gibson once hit one over the outfield wall and over the wall of a prison behind the stadium, a blast of some 525 feet that almost beamed an inmate.

enough to be released ten days later. It was generally reported that he had suffered a nervous breakdown, but most people suspected even more serious problems.

Josh's sister, Annie, said that Josh told her that doctors had found a brain tumor. They wanted to operate, Annie said, but Josh prohibited them. "He didn't want to end up like a vegetable."

Gibson never mentioned the tumor diagnosis to anyone else, not even Sammy Bankhead. The Gibson family physician, an expert diagnostician, recorded no evidence of a brain tumor but cited education and a dangerous hypertension condition. The latter, untreated and aggravated by heavy drinking, loomed as a chief cause of Josh's ultimate collapse.

Complicating matters were Gibson's strength and his arrogant nature. For he was usually able to hide his physical and nervous problems. To his friends he appeared robust and good-natured and, apart from sporadic outbursts, the amiable, hearty Josh of old. His game also returned to form, and 1940 found him hitting an incredible 58, belting long home runs, three in one Griffith Stadium game alone.

The headaches and dizziness persisted, however. They gradually drained him of his mile-wide smile and his characteristic radiant expressions. He appeared glum, almost sullen, with drooping, lopsided eyes and a look of otherworldly exhaustion. Although he seemed to have aged, gone from a fit, indefatigable athlete to his prime to a haggard, drawn hulk of a man looking forty-five or fifty years old. Even so, his moods could change instantaneously, his laughter resurgent, and any hint that he was sick, terminally or otherwise, was dismissed. Friends often complained that he was too loud, that he couldn't sit still or keep from singing tunes and rousing jinks, something that stopped only when the headaches and seizures came.

The drinking never tapered. Fast beer, then hard liquor: With it came the outbursts, Josh "losing his wog again," as Sammy Bankhead described it. He carried on like an ebullient drunk, threatening to kill himself, poking fists or simply making such a commotion that neighbors, barkeepers or hotel managers called the police. Sometimes the liquor was subtle. Once, while the Grays were staying in a family-occupied rooming house in Virginia, Josh walked

through the hallway to the toilet in the nude, to everyone's embarrassment. He seemed unaware that he was doing anything wrong.

His teammates always thought home was the problem. When he didn't drink he was fine, but the frequency of his outbursts gradually concerned them that Josh was losing his mind.

He began treatment at a Washington mental hospital. When he didn't drink he was fine, but the frequency of his outbursts gradually concerned them that Josh was losing his mind. He began treatment at a Washington mental hospital. When he didn't drink he was fine, but the frequency of his outbursts gradually concerned them that Josh was losing his mind.

Bankhead realized the extent of Josh's problems, and he was one of the few people who could control Josh when he began to drink. Josh was not a violent person, but because of his immense bulk, people who didn't know him were terrified of him. Even his friends didn't take chances. Police called in to calm him down would not go near him. Once when they did and subdued him for a trip to a mental hospital, Josh became so enraged at being strapped inside a straitjacket that with a burst of strength he ripped the jacket off and walked away.

Bankhead was often called in the middle of the night to come and get Josh. Sammy always came, but he didn't take Josh's antics as seriously as others did. One night, Sammy was roused from his sleep to find Josh standing stark-naked on the windowsill of a hotel, his shoes up, and threatening to jump. "Go ahead and jump, then," Sammy said. "See what I care." The moment passed, Josh calmed down, and the two men talked things out.

Another complication in Gibson's life at this time was his mistress, the woman he met in Washington, D.C. She was tiny and disarmingly attractive, and during the war years she accompanied him everywhere. At the time, Josh was estranged from his second wife. The women became a curiosity to the wives of other players; not only did she smile constantly and remain uncommunicative, but occasionally she was seen sitting alone in the stands and showering, clutching herself and her weep, huddling so that her knees nearly touched her chin.

Her condition was at first passed off as drinker's shakes. But later it was said that the woman was taking drugs of some sort. It was a troubling rumour, especially because Josh had such a close relationship with her. On more than one occasion, Sammy Bankhead shook his head and admitted the worst—that "what she was taking, Josh was taking."

By this time, however, Bankhead was powerless to do anything about it. He became resigned in the fact that Josh was a country boy, a naive, good-natured kid who had been around but didn't know the trouble he could get into.

(Continued on page 127)



"Needs work."

**I want low tar.
But taste is a must.**

I wanted less tar. But not less taste.
I found Winston Lights. I get the low tar numbers
I want, and the taste I like. If it wasn't for
Winston Lights, I wouldn't smoke.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Winston Lights. Winston Light 100's.

The Education Of Haymon Jacobs

A short story by Robert Greenfield



*All it took was a basketball,
a school yard and a little push*

On a Saturday afternoon so bright and shiny with the promise of spring that even the store windows along Brighton Beach Avenue gleam brightly, the soft scent of new grass and warm earth mingles with the hard edge of dog shit that has lain cold and frozen on the sidewalks for months. Shoppers pass down the avenue past a smattering of disreputable restaurants and delicatessens where hangovers cry out to be bought. The sun, slanting through the crosshairs of the giant tangle that supports the B.M.T., both local and express, casts bands of ice-dark shade on the pavement. Few have the time to notice.

In the front window of the corner delisettesse in Brighton Beach on Saturday afternoon, the hot dogs turn in greasy confinement. Across the street, by the red brick savings bank in the sun, the old woman turns in her beach chair, seeking more warmth and a little help, a touch of fresh salt air among the hot flames.

These old women remember everything. They recognize everyone. Their memories are unyielded. To walk past them, as routine is Hirsch's for the paper and a cup of coffee, is to bear the weight of their impossible scrutiny.

The old women remember Abe Rabe. Kid Twist, the mad Jewish punk who provided the muscle for Murder Inc., getting himself arrested forty-two times in the process. Abe's worst mistake, and his only crime, as far as the old women can remember, was to make a deal with the Kings County D.A. to tell all he knew. The D.A. gave Abe a room at his own in which to do this in the then palatial Half-Moon Hotel by the boardwalk in neighboring Coney Island, with five cops and an assistant D.A. assigned to watch over him day and night.

The next morning they found Abe's crumpled body forty-odd feet below an open window, a fall from grace that transformed Abe the monster into Abe the martyr. Saint Abe, whose blood still sanctifies these sidewalks, bathing the old women who sit along them with a mysticism as profound that they trust only one another, and then only occasionally.

But let the sun come out, as it has today, and the women assemble, as though summoned by some trumpet only they can hear, to talk of children who have moved away and the incredible bitterness of being old. Although their girlfriends are painfully infatuated, their mistresses chafed with burners as big around as grapefruits (some smaller, even), not so much has really changed in twenty years. In Brighton, the ghost of Abe Rabe still whistles around the hard edges of the buildings.

When Liddell Gross passes by, bouncing a basketball on his way to the school yard, the old women whisper of his brash mother and his bookish father, noting with pleasure the pack of cigarettes jammed into the back pocket of his torn pants. Definitely. Another Abe in the making.

Slowly then, they turn their chairs into the sun,

moving with it, first around the corner and then down the block. The old women of the tribe. Even during the years spent wandering the desert in search of the promised land, the hot sun felt good on the asphorite. The old bones have not forgotten.

Three blocks away, their husbands, spring warrens with stiff muscles hoisted like grunted and slanted onto their hard black rubber handball. They yull at leather gloves that cover their calloused palms. They spit capriciously, and often, as though to affirm that they have indeed made it through another winter alive and well.

At the far end of the school yard the younger men congregate, the sons and nephews, who have come either to sit and watch or to play and argue about the only game that has any meaning at all for them—basketball. On the stone steps that lead up to a set of double doors that are usually always locked, the experts recline, a copy of the *Daily News* folded beneath them to sit on, a copy of the *Post* open to the line for the evening's games. The odor of their cheap cigars mixes with the smell of sweat as the game goes on, always the game, on and on, an endless round of half-court, seven-basket, three-man contests.

Suddenly, through the side gate of the school yard comes Haymon Jacobs, the largest white man that anyone has ever seen there. He stoops so as not to run his head into the iron bar that forms the top of the gate, his large upturned hands shoved deep into the pockets of a pair of khaki chino pants that are ripped at the knees and a good four inches too short at the ankle. An expanse of hairy calf flashes above cheap cotton socks. Arrows jut out from his sides at odd angles. His head looks as though it was put on with a pipe wrench. The look on his face gives him away, completely. The big man is terrified.

From his position along the fence, Liddell Gross casts a cold eye over the newcomer. "No way," he says in a hard, flat voice. "He say he can touch the rim, I get a dollar says he can't."

"Dish," Bortay Klein says quickly, hungry for some action. Then he catches sight of the giant's feet. "Forget it," he says anxiously. "He ain't even wearin' Converse."

"We're on next, right?" Liddell asks, already knowing the answer. "I'm gonna take him on for a roof."

"Res!" he shouts in the giant's direction. "You wanna play?"

The big man looks around to see who Liddell is talking to. His peers at the ground, blinking fearfully.

"Bortay," he says.

"Gross," Liddell says, beckoning. "You got it?"

Then he turns and squats into the sun, his small front face gleaming with delight. "Then," he mutters as that only those sitting around him can hear, "is gonna be a passer."

On the first court, the team that has been winning all afternoon casually relinquishes another opponent. They are three fifths of the squad that dominates the night center year after year, the blue and white hunched knees in their Converse clinging to the feet, each face threaded as that it begins atop the bottom



The Education of Haymon Jacobs is excerpted from Robert Greenfield's first novel, *Box-and-One*, to be published by Summit Books this spring.

epist rather than below. Their woolen sweat socks cost a dollar a pair. They are that perfect shade of Clous yellow that comes only from repeated washings with strong bleach.

Everything about them is perfect. Despite that, when Liddell Gross leech the giant and Betty Klein on their to expose them, he does so with an arrogance that is unamiable, as though eighteen thousand fans have jammed the old Madison Square Garden just to see this happen. Liddell begins guarding Mikoy De Angelo by thrusting an outstretched hand into his stomach, signifying that he is prepared to pay Mikoy back to head all over the court. With somewhat less of a flourish, Betty picks up Tommy Falcone, called the Falcon, leaving the big man with no choice but to try to contain Sammy Stein, known to all as the Sponge. Sponge always wears as many different-colored pairs of sweat socks as he can cram into his sensitive sneakers. He can leap like a black man. In the school yard, they like to say that he can take a quarter off the backboard and give you change. It is only an expression. Sammy Stein, Sponge, never gives anyone anything, much less correct change.



they take labors to the Falcon, who dribbles to the key, waiting for Sponge to make a move. Playing to the spectators on the steps, Sponge bounces toward the foul line, then bursts toward the basket like a full-back making for the goal line. The Falcon hits him with a high, spinning pass that Sponge catches on his way up. A soft, crouchy look takes possession of his face, a half-odd grin that in future years will come to create police folders and prison files. Everyone on the steps leans forward, anticipating what will happen next.

Sponge is going to jam, smacking the ball downward from above the rim with so much power and authority that Liddell's team will collapse in awe and shock and slack back to the fence grateful to have escaped with their lives.

As Sponge begins to rise, the giant remains himself and tries to get back in the game. From the foul line, he takes one long step and then another, the distance between him and the shooter disappearing as he stumbles forward, an awkward avalanche looking for a city to engulf. At the very last moment, the giant manages to gain control of himself. He launches his body upward in a little patty-cot leap that is as much for the grateful elevation Sponge gets when he leaves the ground. Still, it is enough.

Head and ball come together in a sudden, one decimating with force, the other rising with velocity. The ball whips crazily against the backboard and comes straight out into the waiting hands of Liddell Gross, who seizes it up and runs it home for an uncontested lay-up.

Slapping his palms together in celebration, Liddell bounces up and back on the balls of his feet, shouting, "Atta way, big man. Atta way, kid." Quickly, he in-

bounds to Betty, who goes up for a long jumper from the right side. Betty follows with another from the opposite corner, hitting away. Liddell chips in with a long set shot and quickly they are away, 4-6, the ball bouncing as though it had eyes and a distinct preference for being handled only by them.

Under the basket, another game is going on. Sponge is working over the big man with all the precision of a woodman trimming a tree. A shot to the ribs. An elbow to the small of the back. A knee in the thigh. Mikoy Dee yells at his teammates to play the game, but Sammy Stein is beyond hearing or caring. No one struts the Sponge and tries to talk about it.



he means inside baskets. With Liddell's easy nodding but one to win, Betty runs the Falcon into a pick at the foul line and rolls to the hoop. Sponge is forced to come out and pick him up, leaving the big man free under the basket. Liddell flings him the winning pass, the ball traversing a series of backward pabbled circles in the sunlight. The big man jumps for it, his body turning awkwardly in mid-

midle. From out of nowhere, Sponge comes flying down the line. He shows his shoulder it at a point somewhere below the giant's hip, bridging him so that when the big man falls, he comes down as backward, his huge body striking the concrete with the hard, percussive whump of an air conditioner shell hitting bone.

The big man lies on the concrete in a pile of bone, chest bloodied, chest heaving. A ribbon of soil, pearls from the corner of his mouth. The white of his eyes shows large and wild, like those of some three-headed waiting to be destroyed after smacking a fewing in the stretch.

"Foul!" Liddell screams. "Outstanding foul!" "Let him rest it!" the Falcon says automatically. "Call that, punk?" Liddell explodes, flaring the ball at Sponge's head. Sponge ducks and the ball slams into Mikoy Dee, knocking him to the ground.

Falcon and Liddell leap on each other with the whirl of steel and precision opponents. They roll in the ground dropping punches in each other's heads. They fart and sweat, their clothes scrapping horribly along the concrete. A squadron of older men waits off the steps to pull the two apart. Liddell comes off the ground screaming, blood and snot running from his nose. His T-shirt is torn in three places. A row of fresh tooth marks adorns his neck.

"He bit me!" Liddell howls, dangling his wound, trying to push through the curtain of spectators to take yet another shot at the Falcon. "Fouled!" he screams. "If you wanted to gimme a finger, you shoulda said."

Falcon tells his fat and fatting a threatening slap toward Liddell. Then he bursts out laughing. "God-damn Liddell," he says, shaking his head in wonder.

"God-damn Liddell," Mikoy Dee echoes. "You crazy, see. You know? 'Cause. Play the game."

Liddell pulls away from the circle and goes over to

the steps, where the giant has reconnected himself into a half-sitting position.

"Hey," Liddell asks, "you okay?"

The giant nods. His drooping head is bent, his eyes half closed. Like some great swordfish, he is writing in the warm spring sometimes. He tries to speak but is unable to form the words from his mouth. Grasping the smooth metal banister on his hand, he tries to stand. He swells back down, gasping for air.

"Our ball," Liddell notes unconcerningly. "One to go." The giant shakes his head. "T-puck someone else," he stammers. "Ta through."

Liddell looks at him for a moment in disbelief. Then he waits the steps for a replacement. When the giant leaves again, Betty Klein immediately hits a foul, electrifying jump shot to end it. Liddell's team wins.

"Amen!" Liddell says out loud to himself. "All goodness right!"

Three blocks away, the old woman gives up on the sun, folds their canyon-worn beach chairs and set out for home to begin cooking dinner. Shabbos is almost over. The sun disappears behind grey and puffly clouds with the sun out and absolute consistency of cold wool. It is not yet spring. Not yet. The day grows cold.

Slowly Hayman Jacobs walks home from the school yard to the small grey house on a corner of Cooper Avenue where he grew up. In front of his house, which is sided all over with grey stone shingles and roofed with tar paper, there is a tiny rack-filled garden, where once a pink and blue planter reproduction of the Virgin Mary and babe beloued to motorists making the long, sweeping approach to the Bell Parkway. Nothing grows in the garden now, save the hole left by the missing statue. It sits larger than any, as though mourning the departed larger.

Hayman Jacobs, father, named, called Samuel in America, no longer works. Having suffered a series of heart attacks in his fifty-third year, he has left behind his job as a night watchman in a furrier's loft. Retired, he now sits by the front window of the little grey house, watching, as though he hopes to catch someone in the act of returning the stolen of the Virgin he stole from the ground with his own hands ten years ago. Day in, day out, winter and summer, Samuel Jacobs keeps watch. What little money he makes comes from a thin stream of disability checks and an occasional repatriation payment from some European government trying to buy back its conscience with pennies. Sam Jacobs' only distractions are the *Daily News* and the *Daily Forward*, which he calls the "Forents." These he reads daily, over and over, turning the pages with a guarded finger that he keeps until it gleams bright with spittle.

Within the confines of the little house, hours are marked by the ticking of the little Big Ben clock as the kitchen and the crate of pages as Sam turns them one by one by the front window. Only when Naomi, the mother, arrives home after a day of sewing books and eyes in the foundation-gummed outfit on Ninth Avenue does the house come alive.

Although it is a shabby, an out-and-out disgrace, for a respectable Jewish family to live in a neighborhood filled with gyms, in a house built by a drunken house painter who slumped on a bathroom sink as an afterthought to a memorable bludge that caused him to forget to wait for the cement to settle before closing in the foundation, Naomi's two sons set well and wear clean clothes to school. With a husband who does not work, it is an accomplishment.

Still, as a child, Hayman Jacobs learns to hold it in, always, until he gets to school. Then, mid steam head provided by the city clocks in the pipes. There is plenty of toilet paper. It is instantly preferable to settling in the freezing litter outside at home.

A great feat the same by leaving elementary school, Hayman soon learns that he is special, one among the many. To be tall is one thing. To be taller by a head and a half than anyone else is the entire school is something more, an embarrassment of the first order, like a crippled arm or a cleft palate.

Once school lets out for the day and there are no teachers to protect him, Hayman is the most obvious target. Tomatoes year toward him across the open, empty school yard. They come like hawks, but he has his pass. Like birds of prey picking a snowman clean, they swoop in, wreck their havoc and then sweep away, leaving destruction in their wake. Birds he has seen hawks carefully covering with brown paper cut from shipping bags are puffed from his grasp to tumble into the gutter. There they are quickly washed by falling rain and swirling streams of water rushing toward the sewer.



It becomes a game to chase Hayman Jacobs home each day. Hawklike parents are on his heels as he runs, fighting to maintain his balance. A best bet would be a step behind, body over, then the slurring sound of his heart pounding in his chest, he can hear them. They are coming. They are closing in. There, just over his shoulder, he can see them. The sound of their pounding footfalls beats a faster rhythm than his own. They shouted promises of what they will do when they catch him. It is his. The fear is the worst part. The fear of what they will do when they get him. The fear turns his legs to rubber and makes him sick to his stomach. The fear is there, every day.

One day his parents go too far, sending the very corner on which he lives, chasing him to his door. Sam Jacobs, who has lost them coming, is ready. As Hayman comes stumbling up the pathway through the empty garden, mouth hanging open, eyes filled with tears, face smeared with sweat and soil, his father is already going the other way with a broom handle in his hands.

Hayman watches, fascinated, having never before seen his father like this. The blue veins in Sam Jacobs' shiny arms pulse. Although it is a freezing winter day, Sam Jacobs wears only a T-shirt. He

does not feel the cold. His anger burns brightly enough to warm a mansion.

Sam Jacobs screams curses as he runs, his eyes are wild, his features contorted with fury. Wielding the broken handle like a bat, he wades into the herd of children gathered outside his garden gate and shouts, "Hinter! Hinter! AS! Hinter! Hinter! AS! Hinter!"

Fading away with the crowd, he chains the frightened children down the black and into the gutter, sending them home to tell their own fathers about this madman who came at them for no good reason. After they are gone, Sam Jacobs dares with his own son.

"Hinter, der hat ein grose stihle dreh!" he bellows, his thin lips quivering. "Why you don't fight back? In Europa alone, they don't fight back! This is how it begins. With children in the streets!"

"I was scared," Haymon whispers.



"S care!" Sam Jacobs says, his narrow chest puffing out. "I ever see this again!" he says, wheezing for breath, "you'll have the waiting for you!" Looking up in disgust at his son, who is already a head taller than he, Sam slaps Haymon across the face with so much force that the boy is too stunned even to cry. "You'll have this waiting for you!" Sam Jacobs screams. "You spoiled!"

Haymon comes to understand that he is caught between two opposing armies. There is no telling which is worse, those with whom he must go to class each day pretending that nothing at all happened to him the day before or the terror of a father who swears him at home, ready to slap him senseless if he does not fight back.

He soon learns to hide his real emotions, leading his tormentors away from the house when they chase him, venting their wild fury out of breath and bowed with their heads. Only then does he walk home slowly so that his father will think he has solved his problems on his own. Never does he let anyone see what he is really feeling. Not anyone.

Today, Haymon finds his father sitting by the window as always. The longed-for smell of old soap, furniture polish, stuffed cabbage and the shirt his father insists on wearing for six days at a time hangs heavy in the house. Sam Jacobs grunts when the door closes, acknowledging the approval of his firstborn. He removes from the bridge of his nose the wire-rim spectacle the union bought him years ago.

"No," he says, "you're home!"

Haymon grunts in response.

"Where you were today?"

"Brighton."

"So far?" the old man asks, annoyed that he has to twist his chicken-scrappy neck backward in order to look up at his son. The boy is just too big. "How come?"

"To play ball," Haymon says.

"Oh? You're a ballplayer now, too?"

Haymon says nothing, unwilling to give his father

satisfaction. The old man tries again. "They play ball in Brighton on shabbes?" he says.

So far as Haymon knows, his father has never kept any of the observances of the Hebrew religion, so far as to eat three full meals on Yom Kippur because fasting might hurt his heart. He says he lost his faith in the camps.

"Why not?" Haymon asks.

"Why not?" his father asks. "In America they do everything." Already he has lost interest in the subject.

"I was wondering," he says. "You think you could go get me a News? By the time I get to the candy store this morning, the Italian bastard will all sold out. He knows I take one every day. . . . You think he would offer to keep one for me?" Never.

Haymon wants to ask his father why he never orders a cup of beef for him, but he remains silent. It is the only way to deal with the old man. Wait him out. Make him come to the point.

"You think you could go to Kirsch's for me?" Sam asks.

"Kirsch's?" Haymon says. "I just come that way I've been in Brighton."

"This time on a Saturday afternoon, you won't find one anywhere else."

"Wait till tonight," Haymon advises. "The Sunday News!" he says.

"I know when the Sunday News comes out, sonner!" Sam Jacobs shakes the rocks in his sack lightning until it seems certain they will explode, the blood pumping his face. "What I'm asking is that you walk over to Kirsch's now and buy me today's. If you're so tired from a day's ball playing, never mind. I asked. Never mind. I'll walk your brother to come home. I waited before you were here, I waited by Miller, I can wait now."

"Okay," Haymon says. "I'll go."

What is so important that his father must read the paper every day, Haymon can never figure out. It's not as though he's interested in anything. His sports or what's playing at the movies. Still, there is no winning an argument with him. Not ever. He is an old, stubborn man, more like a grandfather than a father, really. If he wants the previous paper, Haymon will sleep all the way back to Brighton and get it for him, a medal clutched tightly in his palm, his steps hurried by the knowledge that if he comes back in darkness, the gnomes will be lurking in every shadowy room and doorway, waiting for him.

At Kirsch's, Haymon grabs a News from the pile by the door, throws his nickel on the red rubber change mat on the front counter and turns to leave, anxious to be away from all the temptation. "Ray?" someone shouts out. "Big guy! Over here!"

Haymon peers down the length of the candy store and sees the little girl who pecked him in the school yard sitting comfortably in a back booth. Unconscious of being recognized anywhere by anyone, Haymon stands frozen for a moment, not knowing whether

to wave and leave or to go over and sit down, or what. "Come back," Liddell commands, muttering toward the table. Trying to keep his eye off the racks of magazines on which half-clothed women are getting undressed, Haymon studies the length of the store sleeping.

"Raiders," Liddell says. "I thought it was you, you don't come here regular, do ya?" Swallowing some of the food crammed in his mouth, he says, "I know you don't. Guy your size. I woulda remembered."

"I come to get a paper for my father," Haymon says, trying not to stare at the food.

"Cheer up on his socks, huh?" Liddell asks.

Haymon nods, distracted. "You hungry? Gotta go, seeing what he is looking at. 'You hungry? Gotta go. Gotta go. I'll call it."

Haymon looks at him to make sure it is all right. That he sits down, picks up half a sandwich and begins to eat.

"So where did you say you live?" Liddell asks.

"Crosby Avenue," Haymon admits, around a mouthful of creamy shrimp salad.

"Jersey land, huh?" Liddell says. "They got a night center there?" Haymon shakes his head. "You play C.Y.A., industrial league—anything?" Haymon shakes his head.

"Jews," Liddell says. "You can't. Ain't too many Jews over stuffed the Spoons. Ever. You oughta come down on Saturdays. That's when we play."

Haymon nods, the food so rich and delicious in his mouth that he wants to close his eyes and go on sitting forever, thus take home some of the magazines on the racks and look himself in the bathroom.

"Come down," Liddell urges, "now that you know where it is. Can't hurt to play some. Can it?"

Haymon does not answer.



ben the week ends and it is Saturday once again, he is up early and out of the house before his father can send him on any errands. He makes the long walk to the school yard by himself. No one there pays much attention to him, save Liddell. Is a school yard where athletic ability means everything, Haymon is beneath contempt. Although he towers over everyone, he is not as quick as most of the smallest opponent. He is always the last man picked in any game, a distinct liability to whatever team is saddled with him. Still, it pleases him to have someone to go after. After the games are over, he walks home by himself, taking care to stop off at Kirsch's to buy a paper for his father. Sometimes Liddell will walk with him that far and sit them both down in the back booth. It becomes a routine. Saturdays, Haymon Jacobs goes to the school yard. It is better than being at home.

One Saturday at the end of June, with Junior High school just about to start, Haymon and Liddell sit at the back table, a pair of fresh-faced suited students empty before them. A magazine Liddell has pulled off the rack lies open on the table. Liddell points Haymon to the

shoulder with his fat, that being his way of getting complete attention before making any statement he deems important.

"Don't get for the team next year?" Liddell asks.

"The night-center team?" Haymon says. "Nah. They still got Spoons." He turns his attention toward the magazine. On page 37, a girl named Dolores seems to be taking a shower.

"Not the night-center, schmuck," Liddell says impatiently. "The team Miller."

"He?" Haymon says, trying to get a better look at Dolores.

"No," Liddell says, a disgusted expression carving his thin lips. "Her." He picks a bit at Dolores' rumpled brown stomach and fixes the magazine dead. "Your mother. Yeah. You ever think about it?"

"Am I not?" Haymon says, using the current school slang for "no."

"You gonna be J.V. manager," Liddell brags. "It's dead. Away from, come, the whole shower. You oughta think about it."

"Manager?"

"Player, asshole."

"You think I got a chance?" Haymon asks. The notion that he, Haymon Jacobs, could actually wear a Junior High School jacket is a prospect he has never before considered.

"What do I know?" Haymon says. "I look like the coach to you? You're big. You play all summer—shit, you ain't even full-grown yet—you play all summer, who knows?"

"I don't know."

"You work on dribbles and shootin'," Liddell says. "It could happen. Tell you what. When I come home from camp in August, we'll go one on one. You ain't any better, I tell you straight out and that's it. What's you got to lose?"

"Nobler."

"You gonna practice by myself? I ain't got a ball."

"You need a ball?" Liddell says, slammering his hand against the cover of the magazine, on which Dolores is proudly showing her natural assets. "There's ways to get a ball if you got balls."

One week later, Liddell presents Haymon with a brand-new outdoor ball, which comes with a pin for ever inflicting. Along with it comes a pair of Converse, size eleven, irregular. Three days earlier, both items washed mysteriously from the large sporting-goods store on Flatbush Avenue where Buttry Khin has gone to work for the summer.

That day, Buttry distinguished himself by seeing the sum of a very young and frightened black girl who had just pocketed two pairs of slivvins-cut round socks. Despite her squirming, fearful pain, Buttry held on until every security cop in the store, as well as the manager, came running.

In the ensuing confusion, no one could blame the disappearance of a ball and a pair of sneakers on anyone, much less single-eyed Buttry or his good friend Liddell, who just happened to be loitering in the store at the time. It was with an act of fairness that Haymon Jacobs' besetted career officially begins.

In summer, the school yard is open and empty, a great desert of scorched and shimmering concrete left for those mad enough to attempt to sweat it. Only Haymon dares. Each day he lays his towel down by the steps and forces his feet into his still-new sneakers. Then he begins to shoot. Ten jump shots from a foot out on the right side of the basket. Ten from a foot out on the left side. Ten from two feet out on either side. Ten from three feet out, working his way back until he is shooting from the absolute corners, where the end lines meet to form a right angle.

As he shoots, the heat builds. The red brick walls of the old public school bounce it back at him in a sinister way, so that the headbashed concrete seems to twinkle where they stand. Perhaps bits of glass and scraps of mica embedded in the concrete break the light into glittering shards that pierce Haymon's eyes every time he turns his head too quickly.



After half an hour, the sweat begins to run in earnest, streaming down his face in twisting channels and rivulets. Sweat traces the outlines of the bones of his forehead and jaw, dripping from his chin and sliding into a salted pool at the base of his neck, where a patch he never before knew existed drips with a rhythm of its own. His heart beats counterpoint, a deeper lo-lo-lo-lo, bumping ribs and sternum. Salt cakes his lips. His breath comes to him in hot, desperate gasps, stinging like a gritty desert wind.

After a while there is nothing but ball and hoop. The hoop is dead and the ball has a life of its own. Spinning in circles as it comes up off the concrete, it must be caught in order to arbor the basket in the proper manner.

The only noise is the steady thump of ball against concrete, the breaking of the hoop when a shot hits home, the snuffing of Haymon's sneakers as he drags his feet as yet another lay-up.

Repetition is the key. Everything must be done over and over so that it becomes automatic. By noon it is close to a hundred degrees in the yard, Haymon permits himself to sit for a moment in the shade of the building, sweat pooling off him like drops of rain, dotting the sun-blasted concrete around him. When he stands again, his legs feel as though they have been punched with a rubber mallet. He then shoots fifty foul shots, to sharpen his concentration.

By six-thirty the sun has lost most of its firepower. Half pairs of buildings that have been soaking up sunlight all day long. These few who have also been left behind in the city struggle in and take up places on the steps to watch those who have enough energy play.

With the sun fading behind the houses and the streetlights just coming on, Haymon tries to do the things he has practiced during the day. Shots that fell cleanly for him when he was alone more often than not become sway windy in real games. He finds that he is rarely spotted, upset by the shouts of both teams

mates and opponents. His body is a cumbersome burden, holding him back the most struggle for every point.

Night after night, players who do not practice on-tennis as much as he doen fly over and around Haymon. Like great horn players taking their cues from the music itself, they improvise, faking and double-pumping in ways they have never planned, letting the flow of the game lead them to the basket with an instinct and intuition Haymon knows he will never have. Haymon keeps on practicing.

The soles of Haymon's sneakers are real testimony to the wear and tear he is inflicting on himself. Properly aired for, a pair of Converse will last for nearly a year. After a month, Haymon's are no longer white. Rather, they have turned a permanent sweat-soaked yellow. Beneath the ball of his left foot, where he pivots, a hole the size of a dime has been worn through three layers of rubber. In order to protect his socks, Haymon must insert a piece of cardboard inside his sneakers before he plays.

By the end of August, the breeze blowing through the school yard at night has lost its fire. The games are more feverishly contested, the steps crowded. People have begun returning to the city. Liddell reappears looking a great deal more powerful, tanned, nearly healthy. The first thing he says to Haymon is, "Guess what I got this summer, buddy?"

"Bar mitzvah," Haymon says.

"You're ass, Guess again."

"Dumbass."

"Pussy guy," Liddell says. "Are you wrong? I changed."

"What?"

"Noisy," Liddell clarifies. "A piece."

"Talk English," Haymon says.

"Lord I got loud, you dumb prick!"

Haymon's eyes widen. "No shit," he says. "You wanna play me on one right now?"

Liddell rolls his eyes and grabs his crotch. "I got fucked!" he hollers, leaping off the steps and careening onto the first court, where there is a game in progress. Bounding up and down like some maddened Easter bunny, he yo-yos across the court yelling, "I... GOT... F... FUCKED!"

"You're gonna get fucked good, you don't get off this court," Mike's Dad hollers.

"Up yours," Liddell says, leaping sideways, giving him the finger. "You wouldn't know what to do with it if I let you, motherf... A hell fucker!"

The next night Haymon and Liddell play one on one, Haymon beating the little man three in a row, accepting in the final game a punch to the gut that would have laid him low two months earlier, then going in to lay up the winning basket.

"Alright," Liddell says when it's over.

"Yeah," Haymon says.

"Yeah," Liddell says faintly. "Coach don't take you on, he needs glasses, I guarantee it." He slams his fist onto his palm, then taps it out like a black man fur Haymon to slip. "We," he says modestly, "have got it made." ■



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ity of generously herbbed and vinegar-pickled chopped onion. The ground duck is \$5.50 as an appetizer, \$12.50 as an entrée. It is impossible to deny how much is charged per shrimp to the \$11 business shrimp salad, as the shrimp are not up, but the dish is available and good. Something called duck would suffer from a gross, linden brooding.

There are numerous pasta dishes (shells à la Nuti) was recommended by regulars. Not, the chef, dressed overcooked, possibly with brown gravy, adding further insult with a sharp and starchy coating of cheese. Maybe it was an old sight for Nuti, but I wouldn't be able to bring myself to try that one again. I accompanied myself the spaghetti with a splendid, heavy sauce of fresh-chopped duck, bread with parsley and garlic (B). Try sharing it as a first course.

The side dishes that traditionally complement steak and such are similarly fresh, imaginative and thoroughly executed. The impossible quality of these accompaniments has a great deal to do with Victor's fine reputation. Pan-fried duck of cottage cheese, meat, gold-olive, chicken, onion rings are a few of the choices. Not to be missed are the excellent Caesar salad, the "steamed" salad of lettuce, onion, parsley and anchovy, or a crunchy symphony of string beans dressed with chopped onion, pears and a honey vinaigrette.

Desserts are limited to delectable puree, apple, ice cream and a warm chocolate. The coffee table has a handful of Italian chocolate—Baci, Biscotti, Giochi Biscotti and Valpurga, all at about \$11 a bottle.

With little effort, the check can amount to \$25 per person without tax and without be paid on credit card. If you wish to economize, skip the appetizers and load up on potatoes and salad. A la carte entrees of lunch are \$6 to \$14.75. The service is very good.

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For contrast, there is Steak & Wellenby, the venerable turn-of-the-century building once occupied by Manny Weitz, at Third Avenue and Portenue Street. It is as beautiful as it is impressive. The decor, apparently a half-million-dollar job, encompasses the tubed rose-leather banquettes from the original Ritz-Carlton. Weitz with silk, broad, red velvet, bordered in marble, walls covered in executed pressed tin, bare wood floors and a spectacular chandelier (where a good drink is asked). The space has been divided into several areas, some with tables, others with repeating old wooden booths, and it all seems to be a relaxing, natural order scheme highlighted by frosted glass chandeliers and a gently pink-golden area. Bayside, indeed, approved.

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Conflict of Interest: A Growing Problem for Couples

Continued from page 291 taken, including Roberts' own luxury as an editor who hadn't resumed the *Acquirer's* career, it was also not unusual.

Even A.M. Rosenthal, the executive editor of *The New York Times* and one of the most powerful men in the city who once worked for Lanza for her column in *Philadelphia*, "is appalled" that the *Acquirer* would continue her career so publicly.

"The only reason was to whitewash the situation," he says. "That was the whole thing." Rosenthal says, "It was no coincidence, no accident. That woman had suffered enough and paid an enormous price for her career."

The *Acquirer* piece, which explained that Chafetz had been reported from his wife in the early Fifties but had never, it was claimed, been "discovered" as "South Philadelphia's laziest" with a "rather notorious extramarital love life."

"It is the story of every man in politics in South Philadelphia," the paper quoted one former city friend as saying. "It gives the image of the prevalent attitude which exists in many men from a snazzy world where it's how many women you've loved with that counts."

If that is the general theme, the *Acquirer* seemed to lead three women leaders. There was the long-term friend of Lanza, Chafetz gave her a house. There was a shorter-term liaison with another woman, she said he had given her \$250 for an abortion. There was the "homosexual-prone old man" who lived in the "gayest 400 block," she gave birth to a baby girl.

As for Lanza, Barlett and Stoltz quoted various *Acquirer* reporters as saying that he had been "discovered" about Lanza's affair with Chafetz because of rumors after his return from a week of confinement after his wife, the teen star, "As best as can be determined about that matter, his former mistress apparently did have a previous relationship with two *Acquirer* staff members—a married reporter and an editor, also married. The latter was a former police reporter on his work. Both have since left the paper."

Unfortunately for the paper, the piece was never sent to the editors to be shown outside the newsroom, and Roberts, who had spent a good deal of time since last summer answering questions in the city, was never asked whether he had an affair with Lanza. For Lanza, his answer to this reporter and to others has been, "No, I did not."

The *Acquirer* section on the newspaper's coverage of a man who fell in love with Lanza in New Orleans, where she worked for two years, was also a problem. The offer was open, and when she moved to the *Acquirer*, he came with her. When the affair broke up, shortly before Lanza moved to New York, she returned back to New Orleans, was divorced by her wife and married another woman. He died of pancreatic and heart failure in 1975.

Although Barlett and Stoltz seemed to reverse the charges that Lanza and Chafetz were not alone when they met and that Chafetz had a bad reputation as a politician as well as in his personal life, they did not really come to a decision as to whether Lanza should have any copy in his file.

Very few reporters would admit to admit that they ever allowed love to affect their objectivity. But one unusually candid writer does confess to just that journalistic sin.

Which brings us to the case of...

BARBARA SHAW AND JERRY RAISZOW

Author Barbara Shaw was writing articles on the *Acquirer* City magazine for New York magazine in 1973 when she began dating Chafetz's mother, who, Jerry Raszow, then was a conflict. She knew, she admitted it, was the problem. When she, she says, is now just a good friend.

"When the chips are down, I will go with the friend. I will not go with the friend. I will not go with the friend. And neither that's a real controversy on me as a journalist, but I don't consider myself a Village girl of journalism. I'm just a girl and writer. And you know I'm just a girl, but good friends with it."

OBJECTIVITY

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* tries to make the claim that Shaw was not at all for Chafetz, who knew her for 15 years. Editor Robert L. Lanza, Lanza's former wife, admitted that she had a personal conflict of interest. He also a report written by her was published with the claim that she has coverage of Chafetz was not at all fair.

"My assessment of her coverage of Chafetz is that it is neither particularly favorable or unfavorable in it," Chafetz says. "I have never seen anything about Chafetz who was in a journalistic, editorially, or editorially, that I have not written in my own coverage."

But Lanza's former had a responsibility to stop writing about the man she would eventually consider marrying. She had a duty to inform Roberts, who had also in her own day from, to confirm that she had a problem covering Chafetz in particular and Philadelphia politics in general. "I don't understand," she says. "Why did you not tell me, why didn't you just go to it? Roberts and I had dinner and a little wine, and now I'm married."

Lanza has told her attorney that she believed Roberts knew about the affair. Roberts has only said that it is possible, she says, to be involved in a published book. Instead, it was decided that she would continue covering Philadelphia politics through the editorial board.

Other editors of other reporters with a love conflict have handled the matter more discreetly.

Which brings us to the case of...

HELEN HANSEN AND CHRISTINE RUSSELL

Christine Russell covers health and science for *The Washington Star*, like husband, Helen Hansen, a conservative columnist for *The Washington Post*, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Russell says she talked with her editor about the potential conflict of interest shortly before her husband took the job in January, 1977. To protect her from criticism and also to protect the paper, they decided that neither reporter would cover the department and that she would continue to cover health and medicine.

"I was covering health and science before Ben was at H.E.W.," says Russell, "and he really doesn't deal with health in a direct way." And although other health reporters may question the arrangement, Russell says that "he doesn't talk to other health reporters, either." "I was worried that this might produce a better balance," she adds, "but it had worked the other way. When we get home, the only things we don't do is go to the office to talk about health and H.E.W."

GIFTS

Of course, all Lanza's indiscretions and outbursts of judgment might have been forgiven her if she had not made one last, and only, error: she took expensive gifts. These gifts made her a case of conflict of interest in the old sense: those who not only love but also money received.

For those who knew Lanza to be a normally wise woman, one of the mysteries of the affair is why she took money and gifts from a man who she knew would probably get indicted. Under no circumstances, it would be understandable for a woman to take gifts from a man. Part of entering in a relationship, even just as a friend, is to give and receive gifts. But for many of us, it is usually a few books or records or an occasional T-shirt.

"She had the far out at the back of her head and said it the thing," says Lanza's friend Dorothy Stank.

In all, the gifts would be valued from \$10,000, according to Lanza's friend, according to the *Acquirer*. Chafetz gave her the most, which he got on sale for \$1,000, from her for her mother's birthday, and for her. By late 1975, Lanza had become more than a girl friend for Chafetz. The F.B.I. had begun to look on her as a Chafetz mistress.

For that reason, during Chafetz's trial on 100 counts of racketeering, tax evasion, and fraud and obstruction of justice, Lanza will be subpoenaed as a star witness to testify on what she got from him and when she got it.

The affair between Chafetz and Hansen was ended, all practical purposes, in 1977, after Lanza was hired by *The New York Times*. Her new employer sent her to Washington to be a star.

Immediately, Lanza had trouble fitting in with the other stars. She was easily able to overcome critics, and she had never mastered the art of staying close to the center. Also, some of the men thought she dressed like a girl.

"I think I only met her once that I can remember," says Sally Quinn. "All I really recall was that she was wearing this feather hat."

But if Lanza's social problems were bad, her parents' difficulties were worse. She had learned about Chafetz's congenital friends "and was miserable," results are mixed. It did not help that rumors of the impending indictments kept getting stronger.

In spite of the forecasting and forewarning, Lanza was appalled for what finally happened, according to her lawyer, Robert McCandless, whose last known client was John F. Kennedy.

When the story of Lanza and Chafetz broke in *Philadelphia*, Alvin Karpelitz of *The New York Times* called Robert Lanza the "Acquirer's most powerful man," but Karpelitz, who has not made a name for himself in journalism by being dramatic, made a new name by suggesting about his wife of the day, "It's like to look at a person—just don't cover the eyes."

What happened next is a matter of dispute between Rosenthal and Lanza's lawyer. Lanza's version is that Rosenthal called her to New York, which she said she was refusing to do. Two reasons: One, she had not told the *Times* about the Chafetz conflict; two, the *Times* was embarrassing at the time the *Acquirer* had been one of the biggest directors. The *Times* is couldn't afford to have any rumors of its own.

Rosenthal's version is that he and the editor of the *Times* tried to find a way to keep Lanza on the staff, but it became increasingly clear that they could not. "Everybody agreed that she would not be in Washington," he says, "so maybe she could go to New York. So what is that supposed to mean, that everybody in Washington had to be in the city and not in New York? I didn't." Lanza had gotten herself in a position where she couldn't cover any story, and that's what we had heard her do. It was a question of a man's clandestine relationship with a major political person who was waiting about. It had nothing to do with sexual morality. It was in two parts: for my reporters. But I am the guardian of the reputation of *The Times*."

What Lanza's McCandless and Rosenthal did agree on is that on September 18, Lanza definitely resigned. On September 18, a friend called her to ask if she was leaving up under the strain. In the conversation, she asked how Lanza's parents were doing.

"They're dead," Lanza said, and she said her parents were sitting downstairs at the time. On September 18, Lanza's parents were sitting downstairs at the time.

By mid-October, she was out of the hospital and looking for a job, even though McCandless was suing what was then the *Acquirer*.

By mid-October, she was out of the hospital and looking for a job, even though McCandless was suing what was then the *Acquirer*.



You can tell a lot about an individual by what he poses and his glass.

The picture on the left is a photograph of a bottle of Absolut Vodka. The bottle is clear with a white label that has the word "ABSOLUT" in large, bold letters. The bottle is set against a dark background.

The picture on the right is a photograph of a bottle of Absolut Vodka. The bottle is clear with a white label that has the word "ABSOLUT" in large, bold letters. The bottle is set against a dark background.

Why a Man's Magazine Now? Because There Isn't One, That's Why

Recently we purchased *Esquire* magazine, which, since it was started almost forty-five years ago, has been one of the finest and most innovative magazines published. It has a great literary and journalistic heritage, a proud tradition of quality writing and reporting and handsome and ground-breaking graphics and visual design. Like any magazine that old (and there are fewer than you might think) whose inherent strength has kept them alive this long, *Esquire* has gone through many changes over the years, some of them born—moving along a curvy and others years during which the magazine was, frankly, almost asleep.

At the time we took over *Esquire*, we were asked the question "What are you going to do with it?" The answer is, we are going to take it back to basics, back to being a literate, sophisticated and useful men's magazine. Because there isn't one, and the American man needs one now more than ever before.

The Need

Let us say right away what we do not mean by a "man's magazine." *Esquire* will certainly not be another skin magazine. It will deal with the real and rapidly changing world of the American man, the

man who lives in the world of jobs, money, business, sports, the arts, and also, simultaneously, in the world of women and children, parents and families.

What are the bases to which we refer? The brilliant founding editor of *Esquire* magazine, Arnold Gingrich, articulated his editorial philosophy in a famous essay, "The Art of Living and the New Leisure." In it he laid out this groundwork: "The New Deal has given leisure a new economic significance and the five-day week has become not merely ours, man's right but virtually every man's right. More time to read, more time to indulge in hobbies, to play, to get out of town. . . . Men have had leisure thrust upon them. . . . Many of them—perhaps even the major city—have the faintest idea of how to go about it. What more open time to look for the appearance of a new magazine—a new kind of magazine—so dedicated to the improvement of the new leisure?"

The title of history proved Gingrich right and the success of *Esquire* was the result. Now, the American man faces a new period in his development. He faces both new challenges and new opportunities. As one of our writers, Nora Ephron, noted: "For ten years all we have been hearing is how tough it is to be a woman. The truth is, it has always been tougher to be a man." With the continuing expansion of the "new

leisure" that Gingrich wrote about and with other economic, political and demographic changes has come a new definition of what it means to be a successful man.

If a similar essay setting out the new *Esquire* editorial position were written today, it might be entitled "The American Man and the New Success." Because men are now demanding more out of life than professional success. There is an increasing recognition that life must be better balanced between achievement in their professional and personal lives. In short, the American man is demanding more out of life and yet doesn't quite know how to get it. He is searching for an integration of working and living, the ways to achieve the traditional goals of professional accomplishment, affluence and respect along with a richness in his private world. He is expressing a need to break out of one-form career uniforms, to find ways of working and living with the new woman, to show his caring about children and to feel at home in the world.

Man's new role—how it has changed, how it renews its essential strengths—will be the focus of the new *Esquire*.

We intend the new *Esquire* to be the cutting edge in this search, to act as a forum for the intelligent examination of positive innovations in the quality of life of the pace-setting man.

The Method

We are revitalizing *Esquire* first, by identifying the elements that are working in the present format and strengthening them greatly. Next, by getting rid of those parts that are weak and out of date.

Come mid-February, the new *Esquire* will appear fearfully. Thus, our material will be more timely than that of any monthly and more thorough than that of any weekly.

The new *Esquire* will be easier to read and easier to read. Articles will be shorter and will no longer jump to the back of the book. Continuous reading is mandatory for any modern magazine, and if we aspire to anything, it's modernity. So much for mechanics.

The Material

By definition, the male readers of the new *Esquire* are active, successful decision makers, the elite of American affairs. We will be examining examples of the kind of man whose life and work and style set standards to be emulated, whether in business, government, sports, the arts, life in general or the life of the mind. We will be looking for the heroes of today, the exemplars, the men who have made it on their own terms, the men who have beaten the system.

By examining major events and trends through the lenses of the center of today's action, the new *Esquire* will become, in effect, a new kind of news-magazine. By examining the vital interests of the new man in greater depth than the weekly news-magazines do, the bimonthly *Esquire* can better serve both the career and personal aspects of his life.

And by looking on to the enlightenment of the news, by supplying the kind of information this man not only enjoys intellectually but needs in the conduct of his day-to-day affairs,

the new *Esquire* will take on a renewed vitality and importance. We want to become indispensable. To achieve this, we are going to take the right kind of reporters for the right kind of information. For instance,

both Richard Reeves and Aaron Latham will report on the national political scene from Washington. Not a *Esquire* will contribute insights on the national cultural scene from everywhere. Adam Smith, author of *The Money Game*, will write about money and power in the world, as will Andrew Tobias, one of the finest business affairs writers in America. Phyllis Kay, author and political subjects. Peter Bogdanovich will write on Hollywood. John Simon on the English language. Ray Andrews de Groot on wine. Stephen Brinkman on travel. Alfred Kassin on the literary world, plus many more.

Men's service features will take on a new meaning on our pages, based on the conviction that the quality of lifestyles very much a joint venture in which the man is every bit as interested, involved and influenced as the woman. Each issue will deliver fresh, practical information and counsel to men as broad a range of relevant subjects as possible, including home design (*Esquire* has hired its first home furnishings editor), health and fitness, fashion, entertaining, investing, income management, etc. etc. Of course, *Esquire* has always been supportive of the arts and will continue to report on, and show in lavish color illustrations, the best in cultural activities.

Renowned, Fitzgerald, Des Paines, Nabokov, Mailer . . . the list of major writers associated with *Esquire* grows on and on, and this great literary tradition will be most impressively carried on. New writing by such eminent authors as Thomas Crichton, William Styron and others is already in the works. Likewise the writing of newly emerging talents. *Esquire* will continue to seek them and provide the editorial climate in which they can do their best work.

The Civilizing Function

Nora Ephron's inscription, "The most vital tradition has been to function as the machine, knowledgeable magazine that sets and upholds standards by which men live and work. That is to perform that highest mission of any publication of quality—the civilizing function."

The very name itself, *Esquire*, connotes the civilized man, the man of rank . . . the gentleman. Accordingly, the new *Esquire* takes as its civilizing mission the civilizing function for today's professional or managerial man—the new American gentleman.

To become truly possible to him, to become his magazine, *Esquire* must do more than become the greatest magazine for men published anywhere. Which is precisely what we intend to accomplish.

The making of the new *Esquire* promises to be a most exciting and rewarding adventure, and we cordially invite you to join in it.

Clay Felker
City Editor, editor

William C. Brown
Editor, design director



Esquire
The magazine for
the new American man

legal tasks were available to get her her job back at *The Times*, including free press passes and, if necessary, a suitcase.

"She didn't do anything wrong at *The New York Times*. They fired her thoughtfully, and I'm ready to do something about it. All her friends are ready to help her get back to work at *The New York Times* or she'll never get a job as any newspaper or magazine in the country," said McCaskey, who is planning another joint with the establishment.

"I say that we can't be afraid to fight *The New York Times*," he continued. "It's a monster out of a bunch of cats. Also, I'm not going to wait until he comes to justice." McCaskey, on hearing her comment, replied, "He may be a lot smarter, but he's also a lot stupider."

Whatever happens on the Laura Ferman case, the *Times* and its paid meetings or lawyers' offices, it will still leave several unanswered questions—the main one being: What would have happened if it had been a man and Buddy had been a woman?

The answer is a little muddy, but not impossible to postulate. If a man took Buddy's place, it is difficult to get him to write about—here or on leave—he would be in trouble. He would have a hard time convincing an editor that he was not a henchman. If a woman, she might have found herself in deeper difficulty than a woman.

As for dealing with the subject of divorce, however, it is little doubt that until very recently a male reporter who took a female reporter or subject to bed had simply scored with more than a good story.

One woman reporter I talked to was particularly bitter about what she viewed as a double standard. She stated that she had been told about this subject may have been helped by the considerable gossip that has circulated about her.

What brings us to the case of...

SARA TETENBERG AND THE SUPREME COURT

Ms. Tetenberg, a reporter for National Public Radio, broke the story that the Supreme Court would hear the appeals of J. Edgar Hoover, John Edickman and H.B. Hallikainen. After she had scouted all her brother reporters, Tetenberg found a bureau of criticism that she thought would be the best place to go to the Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart. Even though it was understood that she did not sleep with the Justice, she was asked directly if she had done it or not. She said she answered, "That's a non-sequitur." Because the case drew Senator Philip Hart's (D-Colo.) and because of the Ferman affair, the question resurfaced.

"My life is personal and I won't talk about it," says Tetenberg. However, for the sake of the national discussion, I never had a woman boyfriend in government when I have served. But if men say they don't sleep with people to get stories, I say they are just too much more serious in this town, talk about how the men talk to them and

what men they make of themselves trying to get them in bed to get their information. It's recent, but in Washington, it's a fact of life.

Which is torn between us is the case of...

JAY McMULLEN AND THE MATRON LADY

Perhaps the most direct example of a case involving a male reporter and a woman in power concerns Jay McMillen, who covered Chicago city hall for twenty-three years for the *Chicago Daily News* during the past four or five years and before McMillen was elected to the real estate bar, he dated Mrs. Jane Byrne, Mayor Daley's right-hand woman. They did not have their romance, and McMillen did not hesitate about putting her name in print, especially recently.

"I never had any feelings for Jane a secret," he said recently. "We were doing it openly," and I was never doing it of doing her. She is an extremely different person and she did not care about me. I never told her."

McMillen also said he discussed the relationship with the editor of the *Daily News*. "He seemed to think I was a pretty lucky guy," he realized.

"But I don't get all this sex accusations," McMillen said, and he pointed to the subject. "The married girls who work at city hall for five years. All these goddamn blouses they sleep with them from print conferences. Well, there was a day when I could roll over in bed in the morning and smell the [Chicago] Tribune. Anybody who couldn't stand a dame for a story is pathetic to the point."

QUESTIONS

In Washington, they tend to get it a little differently. At a recent dinner party, several editors were asked what they would do if they learned that their wife, friend, reporter, or woman, was sleeping with the President and was about to find out some flaming bit of news in a few weeks. One said that he would want to know in order to cover some other area. Another, however, suggested that although she would be in a mess in politics, it would be a change could make a few weeks.

"If somebody on my staff got a story by sleeping with somebody important," said a Washington editor, "I would not let it go."

"I use the information. I just wouldn't let them write it."

Still, for all those who believe, as do most editors, in the Washington, that Laura Ferman's position was more severe because of her sex, there are others who think she suffered the worst from the scandal. Ferman, who was asked a man from the press club.

Washington Post editor Ben Bradlee, an elegant man who occasionally peeks to contribute, is reminded by what Ferman saw in Cleveland.

"The guy's a saint. I mean, he's a golden saint," Bradlee says. Mark Shields, a Washington journalist and defender of ethnic minorities, especially the Irish, offers this assessment of the Ferman-Chicago affair: "I had it in bed to believe that if it had been Eliot Richardson or Richardson Dilworth as some other WASP who took his share in the middle, that there would have been such a capital. There wasn't any freedom of the press in this country until separation and also sleep with women."

We seem to be suddenly realizing an age when an old school is being changed to: Work makes strange bedfellows. When men and women get together, they are going to do what men and women have always done when they get together any other way. They are going to fall in love, be affairs and get married. When they get married, the conflicts of interest are usually at a minimum because presumably everybody knows who their husbands are. It's official.

Also, the married couples I talked to seemed to be finding some kind of formula for coping with conflicts of interest. In daily modern marriages, the two clods such other's area of expertise like arts who have shared out television. In the modern sense, the one between Senator Chuck Javits (R-New York) and his wife, Marsha, there is a simpler method of resolving the conflict. The woman gives up her job. I interviewed one political wife whose marriage almost cost her her job, but not cause. Conflict of interest because an issue in the wife's reelection campaign.

Which brings us to the case of...

CONGRESSMAN ANDREW JACOBS AND CONGRESSWOMAN MARTHA KEY

Representative Andrew Jacobs (D-Indiana) married Representative Martha Key (D-Kansas) after they met and fell in love while serving on the House War and Armed Services Committee. It is the first marriage of two members of the House of Representatives in congressional history, and it has its share of controversy. Jacobs, 42, said: "It was an issue in Martha's reelection campaign that she was married and wasn't able to support in the House. I'm not a politician. Her opponent said, 'Haven't you lost a congressman to Indiana?' This was spread to everyone except, maybe, the opposition. I'm not a politician. I introduced her and said, 'My Andy Jacobs, and then in my wife, Martha Key. We live in different states together.'"

Jacobs said he and his wife try to coordinate their weekends to visit constituents. "It does help that we're on the same bus route," he noted, referring to the fact that they both live in Kansas. "And it's good that Martha doesn't represent Alaska, and I don't represent Florida." Jacobs says

that because he represents an urban area and she a farming area, they often vote differently. "Her experience with revenue sharing in small towns is quite good. My experience was that lower [Indianaans] receive. Richard Lugar took revenue sharing from some towns and built a sports center, mostly for the profit of a private corporation. It's a black spot," he says, that the only real question of their congressional marriage concerned the fact that he and his wife take two paychecks, but that they voted against the way some last year and have since refused the extra \$10,000 in pay. A former advocate of lower taxes for married couples, Jacobs says that he doesn't plan to come out on the issue in committee. The conflict doesn't stop him from speaking out in other places, however.

A man who calls himself a "hard-core progressive" and who took his future wife on a free first class to a lecture at the University of Congress, Jacobs complains that the marriage has cost him about \$2,000 a year in increased taxes (partly because of a rental property) and an additional \$1,500 a year for his wife. "I like to say that this marriage cost me \$3,500 a year, which was about the lowest made out there, and some headed dollars a month."

THE FUTURE OF CONFLITY

It is far the more common, however, that the problem appears to be the most immediate, and the present, as we have seen, is prominent in the media. There will be resistance to turning journalists into Victorian, of course. Reporters have always maintained that their work is pure no matter what happens after hours, and a certain bandwagon has always been a vital part of the bureau. But, we are entering one of our occasional periods of reform, and it is needed. Marjorie and other people who read history may suggest that this isn't the best time to be a reporter. It will grow as hard as it is now. It will be the last half of this decade as we grow of the cracks and tears in the last half. Until then, if it is a man either without his job, doing that, to change jobs so it will not be a conflict of interest.

Looking ahead to the future of the conflict-of-interest issue, it might be interesting to imagine what would happen if the Supreme Court were to rule in the affirmative of President. If so, the *Post*, *Times*, *Washington Post*, and other news organizations would have to deal with what would happen if a First Lady wanted one? While professions would certainly be closed to their journalists, and the law, lobbying, most of them.

"It's really modern couple over reached the White House, but the couple would probably have to resign."



JANUARY is the longest time of year for making charcoal to mellow the taste of Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.

Just to begin, you need a hot cup of coffee and a good wool shirt. Then, you have to go out and chop these big maple logs into four-foot strips. Stack them in racks. And burn them into the special charcoal that is used for mellowing Jack Daniel's.

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assumed that he wanted to be President of the United States. What Brown has going for him in California—and vice versa, it's just a different way of looking at the world.

It's the California way, said Richard Wild, whether in entertainment or politics. "The mainstream people in Hollywood, they're not just looking for a large audience, they're looking for all the audience," said the former NBC executive. "That's why Hollywood, mass pleasing, changes the way you operate. Old politicians were looking for part of the audience, for a coalition. They were looking at problems and saying, 'Gosh, this is a serious problem for many of us. I'll represent you in dealing with it.' The new politicians are looking for clients. They look above the problems. They strike responsive chords. What they really want to do is stand next to the media."

It begins like a better idea," Wild said. "California, the idea of the place. You want to surrender to it." Sweet surrender. Like the whalers, New England men, who jumped ship when they first saw the shimmering swimmers of Alaska in the early nineteenth century. Paradise. Of course, most of them became drunks, leecheskins and pirates.

Some folks just can't handle paradise. Some could not handle Utopia, and that "some." I suspect, includes most of the country. There is something Mediterranean about utopias, and not very much Mediterranean about Duluth and Jersey City and all but one of the United States. "There is no stable intellectual tradition in California except glaucoma," wrote Kevin Starr in 1973. California, wrote James Bryce, the great English thinker, in 1888, are "impertinent... far the least approach of the civilization... ready to try instead, even if perilous, remedies for a present evil."

What is the present evil to California? Everything out of the Sierra Nevada, according to an interesting little utopian novel, *Roadside*, by Kenneth Calmuck, a Berkeley editor who originally published the book primarily in 1874. The story is set in San Francisco, the capital of Utopia, which used to be part of the United States until everything west of the Sierra and north of Santa Barbara seceded in 1760. Now, it is 1889 and a high-grown New York journalist named William Winton, the first American since independence to visit the new nation, is reporting back home about a country with a stable-state ecology (recycling of everything), no internal combustion engines and a thirty-hour workweek with marijuana breaks.

"General impression: a lot of Sanjoanians look like old-time westerners, Gold Rush characters come to life. God knows we have plenty of freckle-faced people in New York, but their freckles are in adolescence, country, that sort of thing of showing off. The Sanjoanians are old men. They're often strongly enough, but not any looking so wild... People seem to be very home and playful with each other, so if they had mothers

live on their hands to explore whatever possibilities might come up...

"Feeling that they should transport their bodies into when it's a pleasure, they seldom travel by business in our nation."

"What was at stake, I suspect, Sanjoanians read, was nothing less than the revival of the Protestant work ethic... Roadside was forced to isolate its country from the temptations of harder working people... The profound implications of the depressed workweek were philosophical and ecological," mused, the Roadside assumed, was not meant for productivity, as the nineteenth and twentieth centuries had believed. Instead, humans were meant to take their sacred place in a timeless, white-hot web of living organisms, dominating the web as little as possible.

"Main point: absolutely no hope for rechristianization, now or ever... On every major social index Roadside would lose

by roadsteads... the problem is how the United States can follow Roadside's lead, not vice versa."

Reporter: "Winton, skeptical at first, finally surrenders to a constant hot-springs bath, sending a note to his editor: 'I've decided not to come back, Max.' Thank you for sending us on this assignment when neither you nor I knew where it might lead. It led us home."

Why mention all that? Roadside is the latest required reading around the governor of California's office, Calmuck, who really does have some lovely ideas, along with Ray Bradbury and Kim Krizan, has been a guest at Brown's bookstore staff readings.

You ready for that? Not me. No matter how hard I try to believe, every time Jerry Brown starts talking about planetary realism, I hear those Disneyland popcorn straws. "It's a small world, after all. It's a small world..."



"Hello, home, beautiful—where's Leonard, honey, you're fifty-one years old, are something?"

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So successful is this integration of man and machine that the editors of Motor Trend magazine write, "The reaction to a BMW is always the same. The first time driver takes the wheel and after a few minutes no other automobile will ever be the same again."

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Merit Changing High Tar Minds.

'Enriched Flavor' tobacco convincing increasing numbers of high tar smokers to make low tar move.

MERIT continues to attract 75% of all its smokers directly from high tar cigarettes. Many from brands they've been enjoying for years.

That's the latest report on 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco and the impact it's having on the cigarette market.

Smokers who thought they'd never find a low tar cigarette with enough taste to switch to are changing their minds.

And their brands.

The taste tests show why.



LOW TAR-ENRICHED FLAVOR

Tests Convince Smokers

MERIT and MERIT 100's were packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '77
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's